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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. XIII.—*Mr. James Mill.*

THE reputation which this writer has achieved is the strongest evidence of the practical character of English mind in the present age; that is to say, of our habit of thinking directly and immediately about practice, without considering at all that foundation of conscience, and enlarged experience, and philosophical enlightenment, on which good practice can alone be built. Wisdom, in other countries, and in other periods of this country, has been held to include in itself a moral tendency and power, and much also of which it is not the purport to bear in the first instance, on conduct, and many feelings and principles valuable not as instruments, but simply as being true and good. A philosopher, in the language of some generations, was a man who drew from his own mind, and from the nature of things, the laws of universal truth, whereby alone phenomena can be explained. Nothing which is not an end in itself can be at once both fact and reason; and the merely mechanical and subterfuge requires something higher than it can supply, to manifest the idea, whereof it is the outward realization. An idea of this kind has, in truth, the closest relation to men's feelings and affections. It was in this way that the philosophy of Socrates gained its proper and distinctive renown. Not because it was a mere classifying of external facts, but because it was drawn from the living substance of the human mind, instead of referring to abstractions and names, which have nothing to do with the actual processes of our thoughts, desires, and convictions. It is, of course, possible to form scientific systems without reference to the testimony of consciousness; and, if these be sedulously and honestly framed, they will have a value of their own, as means and materials. But the purport of those things, which are the subjects of the science, will be utterly beyond its domain, unless that shall have been traced out and subdued by a mind accustomed to meditate on itself. One kind of skill is requisite to put together the scattered leaves of Sibyl Nature, and arrange in connected periods the piecemeal words and chaotic phraseology. Another, absolutely different, and immeasurably higher, is necessary to interpret the language in which she writes, and expound her symbol characters.

But in our day and land a man earns the reputation of philosophy by simply generalising on facts, and for that purpose taking away from them every thing which made them interesting to the agent. All the external business of the world has increased enormously in extent and activity. Experiment and mechanical invention have multiplied themselves in every department of industry. Earth, sea, and air, have given up their secrets, and enriched mankind with all their powers. Every resource that nature contains has been investigated and applied: till the land has become one vast manufactory; the sea one broad highway of nations; every nook is the domain of labour, and every shore an emporium. The mind of man is given up to these things: and production, and accumulation, have become the vocation of the world. Literature, too, partakes of this character: and the research for truth is no longer considered important, except inasmuch as it conduces to profit. We crowd

to the temple, not that we may listen to the oracles, or kneel before the altar; but to barter our souls at the tables of the money-changers. The curse, therefore, which smote Heliodorus in the midst of his sacrilege, the same shall fall on us.

The world is sure enough to pay attention to its worldly wants. The necessities which we have in common with the beasts, will always be of at least sufficient importance in ordinary eyes. It should be the business of literature to preserve and disseminate truth, with regard to those subjects which belong peculiarly to man, which constitute our essential humanity. To the philosopher is committed this task of teaching his age that there are many faculties in the mind besides those which are needful for the support of the body: that each has its peculiar object, beauty, morality, religion, truth; that to resolve any one into the other, is to destroy so much of man's inheritance; and yet that, if any one be cultivated exclusively, instead of independently, of the rest, the whole will necessarily be ruined. Not only for the purpose of enforcing these truths is the philosopher appointed, but also for keeping alive on earth the conviction that, in the consciousness of these truths, and in devotion to them, resides the genuine hope and glory of human nature: not for teaching religion, and religion in its highest and most perfect form, Christianity, as a thing totally cut off from our daily feeling and habitual conduct, but as including every department of thought, and all our duties, and those especially which are the laws of our most precious powers, and which flow from our relation to God.

A philosopher, in this sense of the word, Mr. Mill is not. He does not profess to love wisdom, but the consequences to which wisdom leads; and is, therefore, no more a philosopher than he who weds for money is a lover. The only wisdom which is of any value contains, in itself, the means of moral as well as intellectual excellence. It is essentially different from prudence; and an extended prudence is all which can be learned from the writings of this author, or is ever inculcated in them. At the same time, he is often an acute and a laborious authority; and the range of his general acquirements appears to be highly respectable, while his benevolence is obvious and delightful, and evidently proceeds from a higher source, and is supported by a stronger sanction than the author himself would be willing to recognise. His works, so far at least as is commonly known, are a volume of 'The Elements of Political Economy,' a 'History of British India,' and several Essays on Government and Legislation, in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' If the author has produced any other works than these, it should be remembered that by these alone he is here judged.

As mere compositions, they are marked by a niggard and dreary style, such that even the laurels of his fame will not suffice to conceal from a single eye the baldness they encircle. It seems to be the author's main effort to separate his subject into as many atoms as possible, and to put each of these into a sentence which will exactly hold it; and he takes a sedulous and perverse care to divest his little, lifeless, shapeless, fragmentary propositions, of every accompaniment of sympathy or association, even the most completely justified by what goes before; so as to secure the want of all unity of im-

pression from the whole. This is a great defect; and akin to it is another: Mr. Mill never brings before us his view of any point by an image; which may at once make the subject plainer than whole pages of mere argumentation, and by remaining fixed in the mind, may for ever serve to recal the reason which it has originally illustrated. Does Mr. Mill really believe that the column is the weaker or the less majestic, because the primroses grow around its base; that the armour is the more frail, because it is embossed with gold; or, that the Damascus sabre will smite the less surely, for its flowery fragrance? Like the fountain, which nourishes the roots of the oak, a feeling lies deep and fresh at the root of all valuable moral truths. It goes along with them in all their progress; and, if we find that which professes to be such a truth, unaccompanied by this inward life, we may be sure that it is either an error, or the produce of some other mind than that which presented it to us; even as if we saw a tree on a dry spot of the desert, we might be certain that it either was utterly useless, or had been brought thither from some more generous soil. In ethics, love accompanies intelligence; and when a man is writing on these subjects, affection will show itself, now in tracing out a thousand analogies; now in bringing rapidly together many particulars, all welded into one by the fervour of the soul; and, again, by perpetually recurring from the individual proposition to the general feeling which alone gives it importance. It is easy to say that all this is so much injury done to the logical excellence of the style: but to harmonise logical perfection with strength of sentiment, is the task and the prerogative of philosophers, and men of genius; and, moreover, if part of a composition brings every one, whose sympathies are healthy, into a certain state of consciousness, with which the tone of the remainder of the author's speculations is totally at variance, however fitted it may be to any arbitrary canons of the schools, human nature will trample on schools and scholars, and proclaim that the logic of rhetoricians * is very different from the logic of the mind.

Such seem to us the radical defects of Mr. Mill's style. On the whole, it wants both ease and strength. It is, as nearly as possible, the style of 'Euclid's Elements,' adapted to subjects for which Euclid never would have used it. Dry, harsh, and prickly, it would be utterly unendurable, but that there is enough of real information conveyed in it to compensate for much annoyance. Grapes do sometimes grow on thorns, and figs on thistles; though now and then the grapes are sour, and the figs, like those sold in the streets of Constantinople, are cried with rather excessive ostentation.† There would, nevertheless, be something manly and simple in this writer's compositions, but for the affectation which is exhibited in many occasional phrases, a sort of Utilitarian coxcombry, and professorial pretension. Such modes of speech as 'the matter of evil,' and 'portion of discourse,' and the formulas, (they occur in every page of Mr. Mill's writings,) 'either a thing is white, or it is black. If white, then, &c., if black, then something else,' and so forth; all these are mere pedantries, worthy only of a school-boy, in

* We must be satisfied for the present to take Rhetoric in Dr. Whately's sense of 'Argumentative Composition.'

† 'In the name of the Prophet, Figs!' Mr. Mill's Prophet, however, is not Mahomet, but Mr. Bentham.

the lowest class of the Utilitarian Philosophy,—a Neophyte in the outer court of the Temple of the Economic Goddess. Yet we believe these absurdities may help to win admirers and proselytes. For when the merely getting by rote a few simple phrases and sentences of this kind, and the employment of them in all companies, will gain for any one the reputation of profoundness, it would be strange indeed if many did not avail themselves of so easy a '*Gradus ad Philosophiam*.'

It has been said already, that Mr. Mill has knowledge sufficient to make him—in spite of these drawbacks—a valuable author. If we did not think him an influential writer, we should not now be examining the character of his works. But it is observable, that little of his knowledge is his own. He is not, indeed, one of the pedants who put their minds into their books, instead of putting their books into their minds. But neither is he one of the thinkers, who, instead of keeping books in their minds as they came from their authors, recompose them there with a thousand new illustrations, strong connections, and nice dependencies. Take the system of the human mind of Locke, the theory of religion of Hume, the principles of government and legislation of Bentham, and the political economy of Ricardo; deprive these of all which made them peculiarly the property of their inventors, of all their air of originality, of all their individual lineaments, and join them together in one mass, and you have the creed of the Historian of British India. But many of the doctrines which he holds have undoubtedly been stated by him more clearly than by any one else: and in his great work he has applied them to a wide range of subjects, and supported them in appearance by such a multiplicity of facts, that it certainly deserves to be held among the oracular books of the sect.

The History of British India is clearly distinguishable, though not divisible, into two parts. The one relates to England and Englishmen, the other to India and its Natives. Of the former of these portions we need say but little. It is in general executed with ability and knowledge. For the author's system of human nature, though professing to be universal, is drawn from the circumstances of modern Europe; and the vesture fits tolerably well the form for which it was intended,—infinitely better at least than it would adapt itself to any other. His observations on commercial questions are commonly excellent: and his mode of analysing the different measures and institutions of British statemanship is full of acuteness. Even in these we could have wished for some more earnest enforcing of national duty, some stronger evidences of faith in the possibility of human virtue. But if there is any subject in discussing which the want of that faith is excusable, it is undoubtedly the recent history of English Parliaments and Ministers. His scalpel is practised in the laying open men's motives; and if he is too much predisposed to find the parts diseased, he is, at all events, an unsparing operator when they really are so. We should probably not be inclined to make the same use of Mr. Mill's political discoveries and demonstrations as he would do. But they are curious and valuable to every benevolent reformer who has accustomed his mind to trace and to lament the influence of bad institutions on national well-being.

But with regard to that more difficult division of this writer's labours which refers to Hindoostan, we can give no such applause. It seems to us that his views on this subject are fundamentally and desperately wrong. He has, in no one instance, made the slightest approach to understanding of the Hindoo Polity. To comprehend the principles and mode of thought which prevail among any people, it is necessary to seize the idea on which their social system is founded. In every community which has antiquity and a national life of its own, such an idea has existed, the mould for the mind of the society, sometimes partially

realised in institutions, sometimes partially manifested in great changes, sometimes lost for a period amid internal tumults, or, perhaps, destroyed for ever by subjection to foreigners. But to grasp this is to hold the clue which alone can guide us to full intelligence of the religion, the laws, the literature, the primary institutions of a people. To select some of its results, and to judge them by rules totally independent of the cause from which those results arose, is to take security for our own ignorance, and to give evidence of nothing but our own folly. This has been done by the author whom we are now considering; and this has vitiated all his reasonings.

The more difficult and more interesting points in the subject of his great work are almost all of them thus perverted. Nor is there a single object looked at in the light of any other master-thought than that of the universal propensity of mankind to pursue what appears to them their own interest. The writer sees, in the institution of castes, and in all the laws which are explicable by that institution, (but which he does not so explain,) only the proofs that a people may be deluded to their own misery. He does not attempt to understand the historical idea of Hindoo society, which is necessary for expounding all its phenomena. Neither do we profess to understand it. But we at least see its necessity. The difficulties of the subject may, perhaps, (we speak in doubt and humility,) be explained, by supposing that the higher castes, the priestly and the warlike, were, in some distant age, the invaders and conquerors of India. One of those armies of soldiers, conducted by the wisdom of priests, which, at one period or other of a remote antiquity, have overrun the whole world, and produced changes, political and religious, as important to mankind as the greatest of the physical convulsions of the earth have been to the material globe. This notion, (we avow it to be nothing more) as regards India, would give a purport and ulterior interest to the wonderful fact of the Sovereigns of that country having assumed to themselves, and still retaining the rack-rents of the whole Peninsula. We confess that the hypothesis mentioned above, which we have no pretension to claim as our own, is the only one which occurs to our minds, as indicating a source copious and remote enough to permit the deduction from it of all those wide and long and powerful currents which now mark the social surface of India. But, be this as it may, all we contend for is, that a grave, a learned, an able author, such as undoubtedly is Mr. Mill, was bound to furnish some explanation of the mysteries and hieroglyphics painted on the walls, amid which he leads us temporarily to inhabit. If he merely copies the inscription, instead of translating it, he does not fulfil his task. Or, to take a kindred image, if he affixes to the words which were written in one language the meaning which those sounds indicate in another, he commits an error not glorious to himself, and mischievous to the majority of his readers.

The one object of the long and elaborate chapters on the Hindoos, and of many subsequent casual allusions, is to determine the point in the scale of what the writer terms civilisation, at which the people he speaks of stood. But it is painful to feel, throughout, the impossibility of discovering in his pages any clear account of what 'civilisation' is. Many of those things which thinkers of all parties would regard as helping to constitute civilisation, are, by him, uniformly spoken of as being merely its evidences. Many which, in our eyes, are accidental peculiarities, are, in his, the strongest proofs of it; and those which are held for its essence and life, by the believers in man's religious and moral nature, are, by him, either totally omitted, or treated with some indication of careless contempt. It seems probable, that if all he has said on the subject were brought together, he would be found to place the good and beautiful of a nation in the

knowledge and practice of sound political economy and in an improved judicial system,—to the entire exclusion of every thing which comes home to men's feelings, of all improvement in the sense of duty, in reverence for truth, in love to God and man.

We are inclined to think that the majority of the political mistakes of this reasoner, though the natural outgrowth of an erroneous and unhappy system of human nature, could not have existed to such a degree without an inattention to the spirit of history, a kindred product on the same system. Is it not melancholy that an 'Essay on Government' should have been written, however concise and compendious, in which we find no more than one or two cursory allusions to the experience of nations? And is not this fact a symptom of a general tendency to turn away the eye from all that is necessarily different in the circumstances of different communities? To shut from our contemplation that inner life of society which is perpetually working outward, and flinging off the slough and decay of its body; and as constantly drawing in to feed itself with, and assimilate them to its own nature, the resources and materials that surround it? There is a growth and progress of a people which acts from an interior law of its own, and makes the application to it at any period, of a merely abstract theory, a folly and an impossibility. Any man who should directly assert, that the same institutions are applicable to all countries, at every time, to the North American Indians, to the Arabs, the Hotentots, the Chinese, the English,—would not be a man to be answered, but one to be put in a strait-waistcoat. Yet, the reasonings of the 'Essay on Government' are as universal as those of geometry, and if good at all, would be just as valid arguments for a Negro or an Esquimaux, as for a Parisian or a Prussian. To rest satisfied, therefore, with it, as with a sound political system, is quietly to repose on the pillow of an absurdity.

The chapter of the History on the Literature of India, ought to have been one of the highest interest and value. There are few things of the kind more curious, than the absence of all history, the general extravagance of the poetry, in connection with the occasional subtlety and sublimity of the philosophical doctrines, in the books of the Brahmins. Mr. Mill treats the whole subject as contemptible. His criticism on the Hindoo works of imagination is, probably, not much too severe, though it exhibits no evidence whatsoever of critical science. But it is scarcely conceivable by what extravagance of Voltairian empiricism he should have been led to write as he has done about Indian philosophy. We doubt not that, with some exceptions, it is absurd and stupid; and that the better portions of it are little understood or cherished by the vast majority of the Brahmins. But how did the Vedanti theory ever arise among such a people? Mr. Mill pretends to bring evidence that refined abstract speculations have always flourished among rude nations; but he brings no testimonies, none, at least, the vagueness of which does not make it entirely nugatory, to the existence of metaphysical science in any barbarous country, except, indeed, where it has been transplanted from the Athenian garden, or copied from the paintings of the Stoa. Nor can we be satisfied with the still more shallow device of asserting, that the 'propensity to abstract speculations is the natural result of the state of the human mind in a rude and ignorant age.' (History of British India, vol. ii. p. 70, 3rd edition;) or with the ludicrous impropriety of the attempt to support this statement by the authority of Condillac, who merely says, that children early learn to class many objects together from observation of their outward resemblances. Mr. Mill pretends that the Vedanti doctrine is utterly despicable and worthless, both as given by Sir William Jones and by Sir James Mackintosh. It would be easy for Mr. Mill to say the same of Plato. But one assertion is worth just as much as another.

and we confess we cannot conceive how such a belief can have arisen, except from the partial perversion of some early and holy tradition, or from the force of a powerful and subtle mind, long accustomed to brood over its own consciousness. Now the difficulty, and it appears in our eyes a great one, is, to discover in what way a theory so remote and transcendent, (however erroneous; and we are convinced, that if we have it in its integrity, it is erroneous,) can have been united to such gross and miserable follies as form the mass of Sanscrit learning. However, we can now pursue no further the examination of the chapter on literature, and must leave to the judgment of its readers, its heap of irrelevant, ill-arranged, and uncomparative authorities, its careless condemnation of things which the writer has not taken the trouble to comprehend, and its grave quotation from Voltaire, of the precious opinion, that the poetry of the Old Testament is completely worthless. But we must turn, to say a few words of a chapter on religion, which is about as valuable, when compared with the theology of Isaiah, as the poetry of the Pucell, when weighed against the book of Job.

We are very anxious that nothing we say should tend to excite a religious clamour against the writings now before us. To our fear of abetting this theological fury we would give up any thing, except candour. And we trust that we shall save ourselves from being accomplices in so odious a result, by premising, that so far as we have seen, this writer has never said any thing against the truth of Christianity. If he had avowed himself to be a Deist or an Atheist, we should still feel nothing but regret, and should endeavour, as earnestly as possible, to show the cruelty, the folly, the criminality, of persecuting any man's conscience. The author attempts to account for the existence of religion in the world (independent of revelation) by saying, that 'prior to experience and instruction, there is a propensity in the imagination to endow with life whatever we behold in motion; or, in general, whatever appears to be the cause of any event. A child beats the inanimate object by which it has been hurt, and caresses that by which it has been gratified.' Now, in the first place, is this conduct on the part of children any thing more than imitation? If not, the analogy goes for nothing. But does the author really think that so universal and so permanent a power as (unrevealed) religion is to be accounted for by a sentence about a child whipping a foot-stool? And in the process which he describes, whereby from such an origin religion grows up, till at last the 'ingenuity of fear and desire' invents 'a higher strain of flattery,' and men find out the unity of God, (see *History of British India*, vol. i. p. 295, 8vo edition,) 'in this process, can a calm and candid mind discover causes sufficient to produce all the different religions of the world, and all the strange varieties, Idolatry, Pantheism, and pure Theism?' No; whatever may be said as to natural religion, by those who exaggerate what needs no adventitious importance, the value, namely, of revelation, or by those who depreciate it from indifference to religion of all kinds, there must be at the root of the human mind a propensity, the strongest and best portion of our birthright, to believe in something higher and earlier than nature. The trouble is not to account for the existence of religion, but for the imperfection of it. And nothing can solve the difficulty but our knowledge of the feebleness of all the faculties of senses, and of the alightness of any tendency among them to refer particulars to universals, and exchange notions for ideas. To prove that religious feeling often exists in no shape but that of debasing superstition, is not to prove that man had better be without religion, but that his whole nature stands in need of improvement. Improve mankind, and pure religion grows up along with their moral growth, and is its most perfect and precious produce. It strikes us as extremely curious that Mr. Mill should not have been more

impressed and interested by the strange mixture of true and false, of good and evil, found in the books of Indian theology, from which he quotes so largely. There are fragments of the most sublime Deism, and others of a beautiful Pantheism, mixed in wonderful confusion and in melancholy contrast with all that is vilest and meanest in a miserable system of idolatry. How did these heterogeneous particles coalesce? How did the dust of corruption and the Spirit of God thus meet together? Whence this mingling of life and death? No such question as this occurs to the writer. It never suggests itself to him, that a great truth cannot have been the contemporaneous produce of the same mind as a host of errors, all of which that truth excludes. He does not inquire; he does not hesitate; he starts no hypothesis; much less does he search diligently till he has found the original key to the mystery. But he carelessly throws aside the whole matter with the observation, that improvement in the language of religion is no evidence of improvement in the idea: and most certainly it is no evidence with regard to those who employ it, but the strongest with regard to those who invented it. Had we space at command, could we publish a tithe of the pages in one of Mr. Mill's volumes, we would willingly consider these subjects at far greater length. As it is, we must now quit them; and we should much regret if, in doing so, we were to leave our readers under an impression more unfavourable to this teacher than is our own. It is natural, in examining literary works of a speculative character, to dwell on those points with regard to which we differ from the author. But we beg our readers to remember, that we have judged Mr. Mill by the very highest of all standards, namely, by contrasting his performance with ideal excellence. He is obviously a person of unwearied diligence, of great acuteness, of a well-compacted and highly-disciplined intellect; and, above all, of a strong and large benevolence. The last of these merits we perhaps estimate at least as highly as some of those who would be louder and more indiscriminate in their applause. Nor do we overlook the merit of this writer in opposing himself, amid such a system as that which now prevails in England, to the many misdeeds of power. But such is our impression of the importance of principles, and of the principles more especially with regard to which we differ from Mr. Mill, that we should have outraged the strongest sense of duty, by concealing or qualifying our dissent from his doctrine. And no fear of being called what we should most abhor to be, persecutors, that is, and bigots, shall prevent us from raising our voices against a system which, in our view, would make reason, imagination, truth, and benevolence, mere instruments for supplying those wants which we have in common with the brutes, instead of their being the powers which wear the image of God, and are designed to raise us towards Him.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

COOPER'S PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

A Brief Account of some of the most important Proceedings in Parliament, relative to the Defects in the Administration of Justice in the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and the Court of Commissioners of Bankruptcy; together with the Opinions of different Statesmen and Lawyers, as to the Remedies to be applied. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. 8vo., pp. 436. 12s. Murray. London, 1828.

THE tone of independence in which the junior ranks of the Bar are in the habit of speaking of the legislative system and judicial institutions of the country, is one of the best indications of the times, and gives us reasonable hope that the hour of reform, however postponed by individual interests, is not far distant. Among those who have distinguished themselves by diligent examination, and fearless exposure, of existing defects in the law, is the gentleman whose work is now before

us; which follows so quickly on the success of his first essay, that we may anticipate further fruits of his assiduity and habits of research.

Our readers will remember that, in our review of Mr. Parkes's '*History of the Court of Chancery*,' (not yet concluded,) we have drawn attention to the general use and abuse of Courts of Equity. We shall not, therefore, observe on this part of Mr. Cooper's book, but pass at once to the two other branches of which he treats—the Jurisdiction of the House of Lords and the Court of Commissioners of Bankruptcy, and even these subjects we can note but cursorily: many volumes have been written on each, and the subjects appear to be yet unexhausted.

It is probably unknown to many even of our professional readers, that the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords is founded in usurpation; that such usurpation was, at one time, warmly contested by the Lower House of Parliament; but that the subject was finally dropped by the Commons, when they found, that, if they succeeded in rescuing the jurisdiction from the Peers, it would inevitably fall into the more dangerous hands of the Crown. We speak of the time of the Stuarts; for the interference of the Lords was revived in the reign of James the First, that busy intermeddler with all matters, civil and ecclesiastical. In the present day, we should be tolerably safe from royal interference, and might as well expect to hear, that St. Louis had resumed his ancient seat of justice, under the ancient oak in the forest of Vincennes, as that his most gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth, was hearing a suit in Chancery on the banks of Virginia Water.

Our ancestors, however, were right: it was, in their time, infinitely safer to trust the administration of the law to the ignorance of the Lords, than to the corruption and cupidity of the courtiers and favourites of the House of Stuart.

Therefore, what the House of Peers seized by usurpation, and were suffered to retain from policy, they still hold, in spite of the evident absurdity, both theoretical and practical, of allowing persons notoriously ignorant of the law to sit in judgment on the decisions of those who have made it their professional study, and have been supposed to have been raised to the dignity of Judges in consideration of their proficiency.

So absurd, indeed, is this system, that even Lord Redesdale, than whom there is not a more pertinacious stickler for the *vis antiquas*, has published a pamphlet, almost every page of which demonstrates the defects of this jurisdiction.

There are, on the other hand, apologists for this, as for every other existing institution; and they rest their defence on the presence of the law Lords, and the occasional assistance of the Judges, without adverting to the necessary deduction, that, if these be the security, these should be the Court, without resorting to the surplage of the bishop who reads prayers, and one or two Peers*, sum-

* It is singular, that, while the rules of the House require some fifteen or twenty Lords to be present in Committees of Privilege, when they are investigating a question of Peerage, three members are deemed sufficient to decide the most intricate appeals; and of these three, unless they be law Lords, the custom is that two of these are not to speak, and only vote as the Chancellor or Lord-Deputy suggests. The inconveniences of this method were very forcibly pointed out by Lords Caernarvon, King, and Holland, in the debates: the former said:

'It would, he maintained, be derogating from their Lordships' dignity, and attended with inconvenience to the suitors. Three peers were to sit one day, and be succeeded by three others on the next. He would suppose an appeal commenced on one day; a part of it would be heard by the three peers who sat on that day, the next day three others of their Lordships would have to hear its continuation, who had not heard a word of the opening: three others would have to hear another part of the case on the ensuing day; and the three peers who might have to decide after the whole had been gone through, would have to give judgment on, perhaps, a most important matter, of which they

moved under a penalty to hear half a cause, which it may not be in their turn to decide, or to adjudge in one which they have never heard. It is no defence of this most palpable defect, to say that the lay Peers never interfere: they may—what would be the consequence if they did? Let us suppose the possibility of two Noble Lords, confident as lords usually are in their hereditary wisdom, outwitting the Chancellor. There would be only one remedy,—a resort to the original nature of the appellate jurisdiction, a reversal of the decree by Act of Parliament.

The following quotations from the work before us will illustrate our statement.

The Rolls of Parliament, from the time of Edward the First down to the end of the reign of Henry the Fourth, are, as it is well known, full of judicial proceedings; but, after that period, we find no trace of the Parliament having exercised jurisdiction in civil suits, until some time after the accession of James the First. During the early part of that reign, the Lords exercised, without scruple, an appellate jurisdiction over common law suits, but under the delegation of writs of error issued by the Crown, authorising them to adjudicate the particular case; and it is remarkable that they then thought they had no power to exercise an appellate jurisdiction over decrees in Equity, upon a petition presented to themselves; and a Committee, appointed to investigate the subject, reported that there was no precedent of the exercise of jurisdiction by the Lords over Equity decrees, except under the authority of some writ, commission, indorsement of petition, or other act emanating from the Crown. Towards the end of the reign of James the First, the Lords appear, however, frequently to have adjudicated between party and party, on original petitions of complaint presented to themselves, where the matter in dispute had never been discussed before any inferior tribunal; and yet they forebore from assuming upon such petitions the right to examine Equity decrees; and the usual mode of impeaching the Chancellor's judgments seems to have been to procure a commission from the Crown, directed to certain Lords or Judges to review them, or to reverse them by a Bill brought into Parliament for that purpose. In one case, towards the close of this reign, a remonstrance was made against the exercise by the Lords of appellate jurisdiction over an Equity Order upon a petition to themselves; and they acquiesced in the validity of the objection, and obtained a commission from the Crown, to enable them to review a particular case.

The first direct petition from an Equity decree, and the first Order of the Lords, reversing an Equity decree upon such petition, without any authority delegated to them by the Crown, are stated by Lord Hale to be in the year 1640, during the sitting of the Long Parliament, in the time of the Commonwealth. Lord Hale, if I recollect right, observes, that the trouble of the times caused parties to throng to the House of Lords upon all occasions; and the Lords were induced, from the difficulty the suitors at that time experienced in obtaining relief in the ordinary tribunals, to extend

had only heard the concluding part. How was it possible that strict justice could be done by such a mode of administering it? But it might be said, that the Speaker, or the individual to fill that office, would be acquainted with the whole of the circumstances of the case. That might be; but, he not being a peer, could only give his opinion at the desire of the peers present; and then what would it amount to?—that the decision would not be that of their Lordships, but of the individual who had heard the case. This mode of proceeding would, he contended, be most unsatisfactory to the public, and highly derogatory from their Lordships' character, as constituting the highest Court of Appeal. It was said, that the attendance of their Lordships to these hearings should be compulsory. He could understand the justice of that principle, if the same Lords were obliged to hear the whole of one case; but he could not understand it, when three Lords were to hear one part, and three other Lords were to decide upon that which they had not heard. According to this new plan, three of their Lordships were to be brought by compulsion from distant parts of the kingdom, from their local duties, to act a part in the most ridiculous farce that ever was thought of. If he had not heard the very solemn manner in which this proposition was introduced by the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government, he should have believed that it was intended to satirize and ridicule their Lordships' privileges.—Pp. 203, 204.

the exercise of their jurisdiction, both original and appellate, beyond all former limits; and he argues, that Orders made by the House, during a period of general anarchy, when every Member of the Legislative body was disjointed, ought not to be drawn into precedents for future times; and, indeed, if the Acts of the Long Parliament are to be cited as examples, they would first prove that the Lords had inherent in them the privilege of exercising the judicial functions in almost every case, and, in the next place, that the order of the peerage did not exist as a component part of the Legislature.

Little seems to be known as to the judicature in Parliament from the abolition of the Regal office and the House of Peers until the Restoration. Cromwell appears to have seen the absurdity of a Court whose members were ignorant of the law they were to administer; and it is conjectured that the ordinary mode of examining judgments and decrees of the Courts of Law and Equity, was by issuing writs of errors and commissions, delegating to particular persons authority for that purpose. The ordinance, however, for regulating and limiting the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery already mentioned, gave a very satisfactory appeal from the decisions of that tribunal, by granting the privilege of a rehearing before the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, joined by six Judges, of whom two were directed to be taken out of each of the three great Common Law Courts, and of whom also one was to be a chief justice or chief baron.

In the great case of Skinner and the East India Company, the Lords claimed the right to adjudicate between party and party in the first instance, and not by way of appeal. The votes of the House of Commons, however, soon proclaimed to the people of England, that the exercise by the Lords of original jurisdiction in civil causes was an usurpation. The case of Skinner and the East India Company ended in a compromise between the two Houses; but such a termination of the contest was a blow fatal to the claim of the Lords, and they have ever since relinquished the exercise of original jurisdiction in civil causes.

In the fourth session of the Long Parliament of Charles the Second, a new quarrel of the two Houses arose on another branch of judicature, and the event was different. The great question in this dispute was respecting the appellate jurisdiction exercised by the Lords over decrees in Equity, upon a mere petition presented to themselves; and the House of Commons came to a determination that the Lords had no such privilege as they claimed, and passed a Resolution, that any person soliciting, pleading, or prosecuting any appeal against any Commissioner of England before the House of Lords, should be deemed and taken a betrayer of the rights and liberties of the people of England, and should be proceeded against accordingly. After such a resolution, it may seem extraordinary that the Lords have been left in quiet possession of this privilege; but, the King siding with the Commons, the latter began to open their eyes to the consequences of their depriving the Lords of appellate jurisdiction over Equity, which would be a return of such jurisdiction to Commissioners named by the King, whose decision would be final, unless the entire Parliament interfered as the Court of last resort. The Commons, therefore, seemed to have thought they had done enough for the public weal by securing a victory over the claims of the Lords to original jurisdiction in civil suits; and that, however unfounded their claim to appellate jurisdiction over Equity decrees might be in principle, it was rather an affair between the King and the Lords than between the Lords and the Commons,—and that to gain a victory over the Lords on this point would be only to win a prize for the Crown, under circumstances which made it more safe for the Constitution that the power should continue with the Peerage.—Pp. 150, 157.

The author, however, comes to the conclusion that it is too late to question their jurisdiction; and we also are ready to admit, that, in law as in politics, a certain term of usurpation must be understood to constitute legitimacy.

The resolution of the House of Commons, in the year 1675, that any person soliciting, pleading, or prosecuting any appeal against any commissioner of England, from any Court of Equity, before the House of Lords, should be deemed and taken a betrayer of the rights and liberties of the people of England, and should be proceeded against accordingly, has never been rescinded; but there has been too long an acquiescence both of the Crown and the Commons in the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords over Equity decrees upon a mere petition to themselves, to admit of that jurisdiction being now called in question; and, indeed, several

Acts of Parliament have been passed, which must be taken to acknowledge that the House of Lords are fully entitled to the privilege they enjoy.

It is not with the remotest notion of raising any doubt as to the right of the Lords to exercise the appellate jurisdiction over Equity decrees in the manner in which they now do, that the foregoing narration is made, but with the view of diminishing the force of some objections urged against the proposal that has been made to effect no less a change in our judicial system than that the Lords should divest themselves of the appellate jurisdiction, and the same should be conferred on a tribunal composed of judges versed in the laws which they are called upon to administer.—Pp. 161, 162.

The constitution of the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts, is a question of more immediate popular interest, and accordingly there have been numerous discussions and many publications on the subject, all of which tend to the conclusion that the system now pursued is most defective in theory, most expensive in practice, and highly injurious to the commerce of the country.

Mr. Cooper states, and we believe correctly, that of the Commissioners themselves, all the best informed, and certainly all who have published on the subject, are hostile to the existing jurisdiction, and most especially to that part of it which allows parties to choose their own judges as is the case in Country Commissions.

We concur in the opinion, that

When cases of bankruptcy were rare, it might have been expedient to commit them to the jurisdiction of occasional commissioners; but since that class of business had become sufficiently considerable to furnish ample occupation to regular tribunals, he did not think the employment of temporary judges any longer reasonable. The same objection attached to many branches of our jurisprudence. We had commissioners of lunatics, commissioners for taking answers, commissioners for examining witnesses, and various other purposes, all which would be better executed by permanent, and, therefore, more experienced and competent officers. He mentioned this, because he believed the present time to be peculiarly fitted to the consolidation of the dispersed jurisdiction; the business of bankruptcy and insolvency, for instance, might be fairly united under one Court. He wished to be understood, that in imputing great defects to the existing practice, his wonder was, that they were no more considerable. The system wanted connection, it was disjointed into parts, having no mutual relation or control. The Lord Chancellor had, indeed, a nominal superintendence over the whole, but it was merely nominal; for it was only in extreme cases the parties would be at the trouble and expense of applying to him. The commissioners, the solicitors, and the bankrupt office, were independent powers, without check upon each other. The messengers who were independent of the commissioners, and generally looked to the solicitors for their directions. He had considered the subject, and, among many plans, he thought that the constitution of regular local or provincial Courts, which might combine the jurisdiction of bankruptcy and insolvency with other objects of jurisprudence, would be the most beneficial.—Pp. 317, 312.

Against such a proposition, however, a fearful host of interest is arrayed; for, if Provincial Courts were established for this purpose, they would be demanded for many others, and the petty jurisdictions, which are a real nuisance to the country, would speedily be absorbed, if not immediately abolished.

The enormous costs of Commissioners of Bankrupt as now issued will appear from the following estimate, the two first items being from a Parliamentary return, and the two last very considerably understated.

1825.	£281,000
Patentee and his Officers	16,176 11 5
Lord Chancellor and his Officers	12,601 6 0
London Commissioners	28,000 0 0
Country Commissioners	28,000 0 0

84,777 17 9

To this must be added messengers' and solicitors' bills, which, on two thousand Commissions, would amount, up to the third meeting, under each, to above 150,000*l.*

Mr. Montague calculates that the annual loss to creditors, from the mal-administration of the

property of bankrupts; cannot be estimated at less than 200,000 a year, exclusive of the costs of commissions. And yet this system universally complained of is kept up for the sake of one great object, (Lord Thurlow,) some trifling fees to the Chancellor, collected at considerable expense by his officers, and for the sake of the patronage of seventy appointments of about 300l. a year each.

Many plans have been published, at different times, for amending the jurisdiction; one as far back as 1783, by Sir James Bland Burgess; others by Mr. Montague, who takes the lead in this branch of business, in his several pamphlets and examinations; Mr. Fonblanque gave, to a Committee of the City of London, a detailed system of London, and Provincial Courts, with estimates of their probable costs; from all these it appears that little more than half the present expenses would maintain a better establishment; and in the latter it is shown that existing officers might be compensated without any additional burthen on the country. We do not inquire here which will be the best of the projected alterations; but of this we are quite sure, that the very worst of them would be an improvement on the present system; Mr. Cooper, combining several of these plans, comes to this conclusion:

"All commissions, which issue within one hundred miles of London, should be directed to the London commissioners, and a barrister should be named in different provincial towns, at a more remote distance from the metropolis, to whom all the commissions to be granted in that town, and within a certain district around it, should be addressed.

"I would not, however, give these barristers a more extensive jurisdiction than that which the commissioners at present possess. The new bankruptcy tribunal should have the decision of the petitions arising out of country commissions, in like manner as the Lord Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor have at present.

"The part of the arrangement proposed, which presents the most difficulty, is the mode of remunerating these commissioners. It is a subject upon which I feel very unwilling to express any opinion, without possessing further information than I have as yet been able to acquire. I shall merely remark, that it is not improbable, if a proper choice were made, that barristers appointed to permanent situations, with the publicity and the responsibility attending all their proceedings, would give so great satisfaction in the administration of bankrupt cases, that they would be found useful for the transaction of other judicial business, and possibly make the foundation of regular and efficient local tribunals, the want of which has been long so grievously felt. Whenever such a measure is carried into effect, they should receive salaries out of the public treasury, suitable to the importance of their new duties; and, in the mean time, I can suggest no better scheme to compensate them for their labours as Commissioners of bankrupts, than that the fees payable on the different commissions should be collected into a common fund, out of which they should receive fixed yearly sums. The total amount of adequate salaries for the requisite number of permanent commissioners would fall short of the fees paid to the country commissioners under the present system."—Pp. 393-396.

We heartily hope that this subject will be forced on the attention of Parliament, notwithstanding any disinclination of the higher powers to entertain it.

POPANILLA'S VOYAGE.

The Voyage of Captain Popanilla. By the Author of 'Vision Grey.' 12mo. pp. 243. Colburn. London, 1828.

This little satire is apparently designed to be a book of what is called *light reading*; but it is melancholy to find that the author should sometimes lose sight of his object, by becoming un-

warrantably heavy. The first portion of the book is, to our taste, the best—the description of the Isle of Fantaisie, and the arrival of Popanilla in the great city of Hubbabub, or London, are very cleverly conceived, and produce much amusement. In most of the lighter themes, and when only the arms of playful ridicule are to be wielded, the author is particularly happy. He touches upon his subject with much felicity, and seldom loses his aim; but, to the higher attainments of strong satire and powerful sarcasm, he can lay but few claims. Perhaps he has had Swift in view, in choosing the allegorical form to convey his lesson; but, to accomplish the difficult task with complete success, he ought to have been endowed with the same abundant wit and robust humour which so strongly mark the satires of the Dean of St. Patrick. Some of the allegories in the book are rather dull and too obscure: we are, indeed, rather apprehensive that most readers would have been thankful for a key at the end of the volume. Besides, whenever the author attempts to take up the cudgels for political skirmish, the raps are almost sure to fall upon his own head. What his notions of free constitutions may be, we really cannot surmise; but, most assuredly, every man with a moderate share of common sense, will call in question the justice of the following observation:

"Free constitutions are apt to be misunderstood until half of the nation are bayoneted, and the rest imprisoned."

But perhaps we are attaching more importance to this agreeable trifle than the author himself ever thought of. We will, therefore, hasten to the more pleasing part of our duty, by presenting our readers with an extract, to show the author's talents:

"The canoe cut its way with increased rapidity; and, ere Popanilla had recovered himself sufficiently to make even an ejaculation, he found himself at the side of a quay. Some amphibious creatures, whom he supposed to be mermen, immediately came to his assistance, rather stared at his serpent-skin coat, and then helped him up the steps. Popanilla was instantly surrounded by an immense crowd.

"Who are you?" said one.
"What are you?" asked another.
"Who is it?" exclaimed a third.
"What is it?" screamed a fourth.
"My friends, I am a man!"
"A man!" said the women; "are you sure you are a real man?"
"He must be a sea-god!" said the females.
"She must be a sea-goddess," said the males.
"A Triton!" maintained the women.
"A Nereid!" argued the men.
"It is a great fish!" said the boys.

"Thanks to the universal Linguist, Captain Popanilla, under these peculiar circumstances, was more loquacious than could have been Captain Parry.

"Good people! you see before you the most injured of human beings."

"This announcement instantly inspired general enthusiasm. The women wept, the men shook hands with him, and all the boys huzzaed. Popanilla proceeded:

"Actuated by the most pure, the most patriotic, the most noble, the most enlightened, and the most useful sentiments, I aspired to ameliorate the condition of my fellow-men. To this grand object I have sacrificed all that makes life delightful: I have lost my station in society, my taste for dancing, my popularity with the men, my favour with the women; and last, but, oh! not least, (excuse this emotion,) I have lost a very particular lock of hair. In one word, my friends, you see before you—banished, ruined, and unhappy—the victim of a despotic sovereign, a corrupt aristocracy, and a misguided people."

"No sooner had he ceased speaking, than Popanilla really imagined that he had only escaped the dangers of sedition and the sea, to expire by less hostile, though not less effective, means. To be strangled was not much better than to be starved; and certainly with half a dozen highly respectable females clinging round his neck, he was not reminded, for the first time in his life, what a domestic bow-string is an affectionate

woman. In an agony of suffocation, he thought very little of his arms, although the admiration of the men had already, in his imagination, separated those useful members from his miserable body; and had it not been for some justifiable kicking and plunging, the veneration of the ingenious and surrounding youth, which manifested itself by their active exertions to divide his singular garment into relics of a martyr of liberty, would soon have effectually prevented the ill-starred Popanilla from being again mistaken for a Nereid. Order was at length restored, and a committee of eight appointed to regulate the visits of the increasing mob.

"The arrangements were most judicious; the whole populace was marshalled into ranks; classes of twelve persons were allowed consecutively to walk past the victim of tyranny, corruption, and ignorance; and each person had the honour to touch his finger. During this proceeding, which lasted a few hours, an influential personage generously offered to receive the eager subscriptions of the assembled thousands. Even the boys subscribed; and, ere six hours had passed since his arrival as a coatless vagabond in this liberal city, Captain Popanilla found himself a person of considerable income.

"The receiver of the subscriptions, while he crammed Popanilla's serpent-skin pockets full of gold pieces, at the same time kindly offered the stranger to introduce him to an hotel. Popanilla, who was quite beside himself, could only bow his assent, and mechanically accompanied his conductor. When he had regained his faculty of speech, he endeavoured, in wandering sentences of grateful incoherency, to express his deep sense of this unparalleled liberality. "It was an excess of generosity, in which mankind could never have before indulged!"

"By no means!" said his companion, with great coolness; "far from this being an unparalleled affair, I assure you it is a matter of hourly occurrence: make your mind quite easy. You are probably not aware that you are now living in the richest and the most charitable country in the world!"

"Wonderful!" said Popanilla; "and what is the name, may I ask, of this charitable city?"

"Is it possible," said his companion, with a faint smile, "that you are ignorant of the great city of Hubbabub—the largest city, not only that exists, but that ever did exist, and the capital of the Island of Vraibleness, the most famous island, not only that is known, but that ever was known!"

"While he was speaking, they were accosted by a man upon crutches, who, telling them in a broken voice that he had a wife and twelve children dependent on his support, supplicated a little charity. Popanilla was about to empty part of his pocketfuls into the mendicant's cap, but his companion repressed his unphilosophical facility. "By no means!" said his friend, who, turning round to the beggar, advised him, in a mild voice, to work; calmly adding, that, if he presumed to ask charity again, he should certainly have him bastinadoed. Then they walked on.

"Popanilla's attention was so distracted by the variety, the number, the novelty, and the noise of the objects which were incessantly hurried upon his observation, that he found no time to speak; and, as his companion, though exceedingly polite, was a man of few words, conversation rather flagged.

"At last, overwhelmed by the magnificence of the streets, the splendour of the shops, the number of human beings, the rattling of the vehicles, the dashing of the horses, and a thousand other sounds and objects, Popanilla gave loose to a loud fervent wish that his hotel might have the good fortune of being situated in this interesting quarter.

"By no means!" said his companion, "we have yet much farther to go. Far from this being a desirable situation for you, my friend, I assure you that no civilised person is ever seen here; and, had not the cause of civil and religious liberty fortunately called me to the water-side to-day, I should have lost the opportunity of showing how greatly I esteem a gentleman who has suffered so severely in the cause of national amelioration."

"Sir!" said Popanilla, "your approbation is the only reward which I ever shall desire for my exertions. You will excuse me for not quite keeping up with you; but the fact is, my pockets are so stuffed with cash, that the action of my legs is greatly impeded."

"Credit me, my friend! that you are suffering from an inconvenience which you will not long experience in Hubbabub. Nevertheless, to remedy it at present, I think the best thing we can do is to buy a purse."

"They accordingly entered a shop where such an

article might be found, and taking up a small sack, for Popanilla was very rich, his companion inquired its price, which he was informed was four crowns. No sooner had the desired information been given, than the proprietor of the opposite shop rushed in, and offered him the same article for three crowns. The original merchant, not at all surprised at the intrusion, and not the least apologising for his former extortion, then demanded two. His rival, being more than his match, he courteously dropped upon his knee, and requested his customer to accept the article gratis, for his sake. The generous dealer would infallibly have carried the day, had not his rival humbly supplicated the purchaser, not only to receive his article as a gift, but also the compliment of a crown inside.

"What a terrible cheat the first merchant must have been!" said the puzzled Popanilla, as they proceeded on their way.

"By no means!" said his calm companion; "the purse was sufficiently cheap, even at four crowns. This is not chateury, this is competition!"

"What a wonderful nation, then, this must be, where you not only get purses gratis, but even well loaded! What use, then, is all this heavy gold? It is a tremendous trouble to carry—I will empty the bag into this kennel, for money surely can be of no use in a city where, when in want of cash, you have only to go into a shop and buy a purse!"

"Your pardon!" said his companion; "far from this being the case, Vraibleusia is, without doubt, the dearest country in the world."

"If then," said the inquisitive Popanilla, with great animation—"if then this country be the dearest in the world—if—how—"

"My good friend!" said his companion, "I really am the last person in the world to answer questions. All that I know is, that really this country is extremely dear, and that the only way to get things cheap, is to encourage competition."

"Here the progress of the companions was impeded for some time by a great crowd, which had assembled to catch a glimpse of a man who was to fly off a steeple, but who had not yet arrived. A chimney-sweeper observed to a scientific friend, that probably the density of the atmosphere might prevent the intended volitation; and Popanilla, who, having read almost as many pamphlets as the observer, now felt quite at home, exceedingly admired the observation.

"He must be a very superior man, this gentleman in black!" said Popanilla to his companion.

"By no means! he is of the very lowest class in society. But you are probably not aware, that you are in the most educated country in the world."

"Delightful!" said Popanilla.

"The captain was exceedingly desirous of witnessing the flight of the Vraibleusian Dædalus, but his friend advised their progress. This, however, was not very easy; and Popanilla, animated, for the moment, by his natural aristocratic disposition, and emboldened by his superior size and strength, began to clear his way in a manner which was more cogent than logical. The chimney-sweeper and his comrades were soon in arms, and Popanilla would certainly have been killed or ducked by this very superior man and his friends, had it not been for the mild remonstrance of his conductor, and the singular appearance of his costume.

"What could have induced you to be so very imprudent?" said his rescuer, when they had escaped from the crowd.

"Truly," said Popanilla, "I thought that in a country where you may bastinado the wretch who presumes to ask you for alms, there could surely be no objection to my knocking down the scoundrel who dared to stand in my way.

"By no means!" said his friend, slightly elevating his eyebrows. "Here all men are equal. You are probably not aware that you are at present in the freest country in the world."

"I do not exactly understand you; what is this freedom?"

"My good friend! I really am the last person in the world to answer questions. Freedom is, in one word—Liberty: a kind of thing which you foreigners never can understand, and which mere theory can make no man understand. When you have been in the island a few weeks, all will be quite clear to you. In the mean time, do as others do, and never knock men down!"—Pp. 59-72.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. By John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S., &c. and Commander of the Expedition. Including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward. By John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition. Illustrated with Plates and Maps. 2 vols., 4to. Murray. London. 1828.

The sympathy excited in the public mind by the Polar expeditions, has rendered the narrative of the undertaking a work of deep and universal interest. The former publications of the individuals who conducted the enterprises were received with the most anxious curiosity, and are now placed as valuable additions to our national collection of voyages and travels. The present narrative of Captain Franklin is little less interesting than the former accounts, and abounds in information of the most valuable kind. The expedition, it will be remembered by our readers, set out in February, 1825. The party proceeded to New York, and from thence to Methye River, where it joined a detachment sent forward with provisions, on the 29th June. It was from this point, the enterprise was considered as commencing. The official instructions given to Captain Franklin were, that, having established his winter quarters on the Western side of the Great Bear Lake, he should, early in the spring of 1826, proceed down Mackenzie River, so as to avail himself of the first breaking up of the ice in the Polar Sea, for his voyage along the coast to Icy Cape. Captain Franklin was also further directed, on arriving at the mouth of the Mackenzie, to despatch Dr. Richardson and Mr. Kendall to explore the coast between this and the Copper-Mine River. From Methye River, the party, accordingly, proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, and from thence to the Mackenzie River. Several curious circumstances are recorded as having occurred, even in this early part of the journey, particularly the meeting with two old copper-Indians, with whom Captain Franklin had formed an intimacy on a former occasion, and who now declared their determination to cease all wars with their enemies, that they might co-operate with the expedition. Having arrived at Fort Norman sooner than could have been expected, Captain Franklin found he had five or six weeks of open weather remaining, and accordingly resolved on a voyage to the sea. The narrative of this little additional enterprise is highly entertaining, as it presents, in a very rapid detail, most of the incidents and objects which may be expected to occur in a more important voyage of discovery. Passing over the previous parts of the account, we shall extract the description which the Commander of the expedition has given, of the scene which followed the successful termination of the undertaking. The little incident which appealed so forcibly to the personal feelings of Captain Franklin, is very affectingly, though slightly, alluded to:

"In the morning of the 15th the wind blew a gale, as it had done through the night, and every object was obscured by a thick fog. About six A.M. we took advantage of a temporary abatement of the wind to cross over to some higher land on the eastern side, which we had seen the preceding evening, appearing like islands. Owing to the thickness of the fog, we were guided in our course at starting solely by the compass. When we reached the channel of the river, the gale returned with increased violence, and its direction being opposite to the current, such high waves were raised, that the boat took in a good deal of water. The fog now cleared away, and the three eminences, mistaken for islands, were ascertained to be conical hummocks, rising above the low eastern shore. We pushed for the nearest, and landed a short distance from its base at eight A.M. On going to the summit of this eminence, in the expectation of obtaining the bearings of several distant points, we were a little disappointed to find that only the low shores of Pitt Island were visible, extending from S.E. to W.N.W., though we were repaid for our visit by observing two moose deer quietly browsing on the tops of the willows, a short distance

from us. Mr. Kendall hastened down to despatch Baptiste in pursuit of them, who returned an hour afterwards to inform us that he had wounded one, which he had been prevented from following by the loss of his powder-horn. As there was no possibility of our getting forward until the gale abated, Baptiste and Augustus were sent out to hunt, there being numerous tracks of moose and rein deer in the neighbourhood of the tent. I also despatched Mr. Kendall, with two seamen, to walk some distance into the interior, and endeavour to clear up the doubt whether we were upon the main shore, or upon an island. The astronomical observations obtained at the encampment place it in latitude $69^{\circ} 3' 45''$ N., longitude $135^{\circ} 44' 57''$ W. A tide-pole was put up immediately on our landing, and we perceived the water to rise about three inches in the course of the forenoon, and to fall the same quantity in the evening. The temperature of the air did not exceed forty-eight degrees all this day: when in the river, it used to vary from 55° to 70° . Mr. Kendall came back in the evening, bringing the agreeable intelligence that he had assisted in killing a female moose and her calf, and that Augustus had shot a rein-deer. Some men were sent to carry the meat to the borders of a river which Mr. Kendall had discovered, while the boat went round to its entrance about one mile from the encampment. They returned at sunset. Many geese and ducks were seen by our hunters. Throughout the whole of Mr. Kendall's walk, of twelve or fourteen miles, he saw only the same kind of flat land covered with the dwarf willow and the moose-berry plant, as was discovered from the tent, except one small lake, and the river that has been mentioned, issuing from it.

"The atmosphere was so thick on the morning of the 16th as to confine our view to a few yards; we therefore remained at the encampment till the sun had sufficient power to remove the fog: temperature of the air 39° . Embarking at eleven A.M., we continued our course along the shore of Ellice Island, until we found its coast trending southward of east. There we landed, and were rejoiced at the sea-like appearance to the northward. This point is in latitude $69^{\circ} 14' N.$, longitude $135^{\circ} 57' W.$, and forms the north-eastern entrance to the main channel of the Mackenzie River, which, from Slave Lake to this point, is one thousand and forty-five miles, according to our survey. An island was now discovered to the N.E., looking blue from its distance, towards which the boat was immediately directed. The water, which, for the last eight miles, had been very shallow, became gradually deeper, and of a more green colour, though still fresh, even when we had entirely lost sight of the eastern land. In the middle of the traverse, we were caught by a strong contrary wind, against which our crews cheerfully contended for five hours, though drenched by the spray, and even by the waves which came into the boat. Unwilling to return without attaining the object of our search, when the strength of the rowers was nearly exhausted, as a last resource, the sails were set double-reefed, and our excellent boat mounted over the waves in the most buoyant manner. An opportune alteration of the wind enabled us, in the course of another hour, to fetch into smoother water, under the shelter of the island. We then pulled across a line of strong ripple which marked the termination of the fresh water; that on the seaward side being brackish; and in the further progress of three miles to the island, we had the indescribable pleasure of finding the water decidedly salt.

"The sun was setting as the boat touched the beach, and we hastened to the most elevated part of the island, about two hundred and fifty feet high, to look around; and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us. The Rocky Mountains were seen from S.W. to W.N.W.; and from the latter point, round by the north, the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation. Many seals, and black and white whales were sporting on its waves; and the whole scene was calculated to excite in our minds the most flattering expectations as to our own success, and that of our friends in the Hecla and the Fury. There were two groups of islands at no great distance; to the one bearing south-east I had the pleasure of affixing the name of my excellent friend and companion, Mr. Kendall, and to that bearing north-east the name of Pell was given, as a tribute justly due to the Governor of the Hudson-Bay Company, for his earnest endeavour to promote the progress and welfare of the Expedition. A similar feeling towards my much-esteemed friend Mr. Garry, the Deputy Governor of the Company, prompted me to appropriate his name to the island of which we stood,—a poor, indeed, but heartfelt expres-

sion of gratitude, for all his active kindness and indefatigable attention to the comfort of myself and my companions.

"During our absence the men had pitched the tent on the beach, and I caused the silk union-flag to be hoisted, which my deeply-lamented wife had made and presented to me, as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the Expedition reached the sea. I will not attempt to describe my emotions as it expanded to the breeze—how ever natural, and, for the moment, irresistible, I felt that it was my duty to suppress them, and that I had no right, by an indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace that I could command, in the general excitement, I endeavoured to return, with corresponding cheerfulness, their warm congratulations on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

"Some spirits, which had been saved for the occasion, were issued to the men; and with three fervent cheers they drank to the health of our beloved Monarch, and to the continued success of our enterprise. Mr. Kendall and I had also reserved a little of our brandy, in order to celebrate this interesting event; but Baptiste, in his delight of beholding the sea, had set before us some salt water, which having been mixed with the brandy before the mistake was discovered, we were reluctantly obliged to forego the pretended draught, and to use it in the more classical form of a libation poured on the ground.

"Baptiste, on discovering that he had actually reached the ocean, stuck his feathers in his hat, and exultingly exclaimed, "Now that I am one of the *Gens de la mer*, you shall see how active I will be, and how I will crow over the *Gens du nord*," the name by which the Athabascas voyagers are designated. No fresh water was found on Garry Island until Augustus discovered a small lake, the streams that poured down from the cliffs being as salt as the sea. The temperature of the sea water was 51°; the fresh water we had left five miles from the island 55°; and that of the air 52°.—Vol. i. pp. 33—37.

Our next extract is taken from Mr. Drummond's account of his operations during his separation from Captain Franklin. The greatest praise is due to him for the perseverance and energy with which he carried on his designs; and men of science owe a great debt of gratitude to him for the pains he took in exploring regions which very few but himself would have had the resolution to visit, much less the hardihood, to expose themselves to the dangers and fatigue he suffered during a protracted stay. It is pleasing to read the testimony of true comrade-like affection and respect which Captain Franklin has paid him in speaking of his labours. The best proof of its being richly deserved may be found in the following:

"I remained at Cumberland House about six weeks after the departure of Captain Back and Mr. Kendall, in June, 1825, when the Company's boats with the brigade of traders for the Columbia, arriving from York factory; I accompanied them up the Saakatchewan River two hundred and sixty miles to Carlton House. The unsettled state of the Indians in that neighbourhood rendering excursions over the plains very unsafe, I determined on proceeding with the brigade as far as the Rocky Mountains. We left Carlton House on the 1st of September, and reached Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles distant, on the 20th of the same month. Sandy plains extend without material alteration the whole way, and there is, consequently, little variety in the vegetation; indeed, I did not find a single plant that I had not seen within ten miles of Carlton House, although I had an opportunity of examining the country carefully, having performed the greater part of the journey on foot. After a halt of two days at Edmonton, we continued our route one hundred miles farther to Fort Assinaboyne on the Red Deer River, one of the branches of the Athabascas. This part of the journey was performed with horses through a swampy and thickly wooded country, and the path was so bad, that it was necessary to reduce the luggage as much as possible. I therefore took with me only one bale of paper for drying plants, a few shirts, and a blanket; Mr. McMillan, one of the Company's chief traders, who had charge of the brigade, kindly undertaking to forward the rest of my baggage in the ensuing spring. We left Fort Assinaboyne to proceed up the Red Deer River to the Mountains, on the 24th of October; but the canoe appointed for this service being very much lumbered, it was necessary that

some of the party should travel by land, and of that number, I volunteered to be one. A heavy fall of snow, on the third day after setting out, rendered the march very fatiguing, and the country being thickly wooded and very swampy, our horses were rendered useless before we had travelled half the distance.

"We reached the Mountains on the 14th, and I continued to accompany the brigade, for fifty miles of the Portage-road, to the Columbia, when we met a hunter, whom Mr. McMillan hired to supply me with food during the winter. The same gentleman having furnished me with horses, and a man to take care of them, I set out with the hunter and his family towards the Smoking River, one of the eastern branches of the Peace River, on which we intended to winter. My guide, however, loitered so much on the way, that the snow became too deep to admit of our proceeding to our destination, and we were under the necessity of leaving the Mountains altogether, and taking up our winter-quarters about the end of December, on the Baptiste, a stream which falls into the Red Deer River. During the journey, I collected a few specimens of the birds that pass the winter in the country, and which belong principally to the genera *tetrao* and *strix*. I also obtained a few mosses, and on Christmas-day, I had the pleasure of finding a very minute *gym-nostomum*, hitherto undescribed.

"In the winter, I felt the inconvenience of the want of my tent, the only shelter I had from the inclemency of the weather being a hut built of the branches of trees. Soon after reaching our wintering ground, provisions became very scarce, and the hunter and his family went off in quest of animals, taking with them the man who had charge of my horses to bring me a supply as soon as they could procure it. I remained alone for the rest of the winter, except when my man occasionally visited me with meat; and I found the time hang very heavy, as I had no books, and nothing could be done in the way of collecting specimens of Natural History. I took, however, a walk every day in the woods to give me some practice in the use of snow shoes. The winter was very severe, and much snow fell until the end of March, when it averaged six feet in depth. In consequence of this, I lost one of my horses, and the two remaining ones became exceedingly poor. The hunter was still more unfortunate, ten of his young colts having died.

"In the beginning of April, 1826, setting out for the Columbia Portage road, I reached it after a fatiguing march on the sixth day, and, two days afterwards, had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McMillan, who brought me letters from Dr. Richardson, informing me of the welfare of the Expedition; and he also placed me in comparatively comfortable circumstances, by bringing my tent, a little tea and sugar, and some more paper. I remained on the Portage preparing specimens of birds until the 6th of May, when the brigade from the Columbia arrived. On that day the *Anemone* and *cuneifolia*, and *Ludoviciana* and *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, began to flower in favourable situations. My hunter, who had, in the mean time, returned to our late wintering ground, now sent me word that he had changed his mind, and would not accompany me into the Mountains, as he had engaged to do. His fickleness deranged my plans, and I had no alternative but to remain with the man who had charge of the horse used on the Columbia Portage, and botanize in that neighbourhood.

"On the 10th of August, I set out with another hunter, upon whom I had prevailed to conduct me to the Smoking River; although, being disappointed in a supply of ammunition, we were badly provided. We travelled for several days without meeting with any animals, and I shared the little dried provisions I had with the hunter's family. On the 15th we killed a Mountain sheep, which was quickly devoured, there not being the smallest apprehension at the time that famine would overtake us—day after day, however, passed away without a single head of game of any description being seen, and the children began to complain loudly; but the hunter's wife, a young half-breed woman, bore the abstinence with indifference, although she had two infant twins at the breast. On the 21st, we found two young porcupines, which were shared amongst the party, and two or three days afterwards, a few fine trout were caught. We arrived in the Smoking River on the 5th of September, where the hunter killed two sheep, and a period was put to our abstinence, for, before the sheep were eaten, he shot several buffaloes.

"We proceeded along the mountains until the 24th of September, and had reached the head waters of the Peace River, when a heavy fall of snow stopped my

collecting plants for that season. I was, however, very desirous of crossing the Mountains to obtain some knowledge of the vegetation on the Columbian River, and, accordingly, I commenced drying provisions to enable me to accompany the Columbia brigade, when it arrived from Hudson's Bay. I reached the Portage on the 9th of October, and on the 10th the brigade arrived, and I received letters from Captain Franklin, instructing me to descend in the spring of 1827, time enough to rejoin the Expedition on its way to York Factory. It was, therefore, necessary that I should speedily commence my return, and, having gone with the brigade merely to the west-end of the Portage, I came back again on the 1st of November. The snow covered the ground too deeply to permit me to add much to my collections in this hasty trip over the mountains; but it was impossible to avoid remarking the great superiority of climate on the western side of that lofty range. From the instant the descent towards the Pacific commences, there is a visible improvement in the growth of timber, and the variety of forest trees greatly increases. The few mosses that I gleaned in the excursion were so fine, that I could not but deeply regret that I was unable to pass a season or two in that interesting region.

"Having packed up all my specimens, I embarked on the Red Deer River, with Mr. McDonald, one of the Company's officers, who was returning from a long residence on the Columbia with his family, and continued to descend the stream until we were set fast by the frost. I then left Mr. McDonald in charge of the baggage, and, proceeding on foot to Fort Assinaboyne, for the purpose of procuring horses, I reached it on the fifth day. It was several days before the horses could be obtained, and they were several more in travelling from the Fort to Mr. McDonald, during which time that gentleman and his family were very short of provisions. The relief, however, arrived very opportunely, and they reached the Fort in safety. After resting a few days, I set out for Edmonton, where I remained for some months.

"The winter express brought me a letter from Dr. Richardson, requesting me to join him at Carlton House in April; and I accordingly set out for that place on snow shoes, on the 17th of March, taking with me single specimens of all the plants gathered on the mountains, lest any accident should happen to the duplicates which were to come by canoe in the spring. Two men with a sledge, drawn by dogs, accompanied me; but the Indian inhabitants of the plains, being very hostile, we made a large circuit to avoid them, and did not reach Carlton House before the 5th of April. We suffered much from snow-blindness on the march; the dogs failed from want of food; we had to carry the baggage on our backs, and had nothing to eat for seven days. These sufferings were, however, soon forgotten in the kind welcome which I received from Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Prudens, the Company's Chief Trader at Carlton; and the hospitable entertainment and good fare of the latter gentleman's table enabled me speedily to recruit my lost strength.

"My collections on the mountains amounted to about fifteen hundred species of plants, one hundred and fifty birds, fifty quadrupeds, and a considerable number of insects."—Vol. ii., pp. 311—313.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ZOOLOGY.

Illustrations of Zoology; being Representations of New, Rare, or otherwise Remarkable Subjects of the Animal Kingdom, drawn and coloured after Nature, with Descriptive Letter-Press. By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society. Atlas 4to, with Coloured Plates, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Edinburgh, 1828.

THE tide of fashion, which has long been ebbing from the once popular study of the natural history of animals, has at length begun to turn; and the current is already setting in with no less rapidity than was so a elyphibited in the opposite direction of the stream. The press, always so powerful in its influence, has taken the lead; and the increase of works, both of a scientific and popular cast, has been followed or accompanied by the incorporation of public societies, and increased attention to museums. The most distinguished of the works to which we allude, is 'Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,' by Griffiths, distinguished for its scientific accuracy no less than for its interesting details of the habits of animals,—the only part of the subject which general readers care for. The

two first volumes of the Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence, was prior even to this; and is very superior, in plan and execution, to any work of natural history with which we are acquainted; beginning by interesting, amusing, and accurate narratives, intermixed with occasional theories and speculations; so that the reader is fascinated with the subject before the drier details of nomenclature and terminology are brought into view. It is in this way that all the sciences ought to be taught, when the object is to gain proselytes. It was thus that the eloquent Buffon made zoology popular; and, had his accuracy and knowledge of science been equal to his enthusiasm and his skill in rhetorical embellishment, we might not, perhaps, have had now to complain of the neglect into which the study has latterly fallen.

The incorporation of the Zoological Society, followed by that of the Zoological Club; and the publication of the 'Zoological Journal,' (though rather too scientific in its general features), and of 'London's Magazine of Natural History,' must be considered as strong indications of the change which is taking place in the public mind. The deplorable state of the public museums, indeed, — disgraceful to a country boasting of so extensive a marine intercourse with all parts of the globe, — has been, and is now, a great drawback to the study; but this may, perhaps, be remedied at no distant day, if the public can be got to patronise such works as the splendid publication of Mr. Wilson now on our table. It is the work of a private gentleman, enthusiastically devoted to the study, and intended to illustrate, by beautiful coloured figures, the most interesting specimens in the Edinburgh Museum. Were the directors of the British Museum to undertake a publication on a similar plan, we know of nothing which would contribute more to attract the national attention to the collections there, deficient though they be, and huddled together, so as in many cases to render them of little use.

We approve highly of the principles as well as the plan of Mr. Wilson's work. He is fully aware of the importance of introducing something more than a Linnean *Catalogue Raisonné* of his splendid engravings, with lists of synonymes, now unfortunately indispensable, from what our author very justly designates as 'frequent and unnecessary changes in nomenclature, unaccompanied by corresponding improvements in the essential ground-work of a luminous and philosophical system,' which, as he adds, 'have darkened the very face of nature by a cloud of confused and contradictory synonymes.' — *Preface*, page 3.

In the execution of his arduous work, accordingly, we find that Mr. Wilson has not endeavoured to distinguish himself for his skill in compounding new names from his Greek Lexicon. He is more anxious to make his readers acquainted with the animals delineated, as well as with their kindred of the same class or order. For example, in introducing the puma or American lion, he gives us such remarks as the following on the genus *Felis*:

'Animals of the cat-kind are, in a state of nature, almost continually in action both by night and by day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds; but they seldom run, owing, it is believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which cannot preserve the rigidity necessary to that species of movement. Their sense of sight, especially during twilight, is acute; their hearing very perfect, and their perception of smell less so than in the dog tribe. Their most obtuse sense is that of taste; the lingual nerve in the lion, according to Desmoulins, being no larger than that of a middle-sized dog. In fact, the tongue of these animals is as much an organ of mastication, as of taste; its sharp and horny points, inclined backwards, being used for tearing away the softer parts of the animal substances on which they prey. The perception of touch is said to reside very delicately in the small bulbs at the base of the masticatory process.'

Linnaeus, the first ornithologist of the age, informs us that the finch falcon of Bengal (*Falco*

ceruleus) feeds upon insects; a circumstance which does not accord well with the popular opinion of kites and falcons. Mr. Wilson thinks, indeed, that from its strongly-toothed bill and muscular limbs, it must usually pursue larger game; and Mr. Hensfield accordingly says, that it boldly attacks small birds. The circumstance, however, recorded in the last Number of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' respecting the Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*), preying upon cock-chafers, tends, in part, to corroborate Linnaeus's opinion.

On the highly interesting subject of the migration of birds, as explained by their rapidity of flight, Mr. Wilson has recorded the following remarkable facts:—

'Montagu is of opinion that many birds, when exerting themselves to the utmost, fly at a rate of not less than thirty miles per hour. Even a sparrow has been calculated to fly at the rate of thirty miles in an hour, and Major Cartwright appears to have ascertained, by frequent experiments, that, during the same short period, the flight of an elder-duck is equal to ninety miles. The common kite (*Falco milvus*) has been observed to pass, without great exertion, over a space of a quarter of a league, in a minute, and it could fly with ease from Cape Pruth to the Land's End in a single day, were an instinctive tendency so to do combined with the physical power of which it is actually possessed. It appears probable, therefore, that the most extended migratory movement which any species is called upon to accomplish, may, in the greater number of cases, be performed in a couple of days, more frequently in the course of a few hours.'

'My intelligent friend, Mr. Audubon, of Louisiana, whose magnificent collection of ornithological drawings has lately excited such general interest in Edinburgh, has communicated to me a singular fact relating to the powers of flight of the passenger-pigeon of America. He has shot that bird during his hunting excursion through the forests; and, on dissection, found its stomach full of fresh rice, which, to have resisted the digestive process, must have been swallowed not many hours preceding its death, but could not have been obtained within 800 miles of the place where it was killed.'

This power of flight, so clearly demonstrated, tends to diminish our wonder at the distances to which many of our birds of passage migrate; and swallows, for instance, in all probability, winter in Africa, as they have both been seen on their passage (for instance, by Mr. Dryden, the son of the poet, and by Charles Buonaparte), and on their arrival. Had the last fact been recorded by a common traveller, we might have doubted whether those African swallows were the same as our European species; but so distinguished a naturalist as Mr. Adamson could scarcely be mistaken; and he, more than once, witnessed the arrival of swallows in October and November, as far south as Senegal. These swallows, he remarked, did not build, but remained about the sea-shore, usually in pairs. It is no less probable, that our nightingales, and other summer visitants, migrate, in autumn, to Barbary and Egypt, and come to our less sultry climate to rear their young.

Mr. Wilson, we are glad to perceive, has not limited his range of illustrations to quadrupeds and birds, but has given specimens from the other divisions of Zoology. On the fertile and extensive subject of insects, we find the following interesting notice:

'When one of these (the larva of the gnat) is examined, a singular tunnel-shaped organ, terminating in five points, like a star, will be perceived, forming an angle with the last segment of the body but one. In the interior of this organ is a tube, which conveys the air to the tracheæ, and communicates with the atmosphere by means of several perforations in the centre of the star. The diverging rays of the star suspend the animal at the surface of the water, with its head downwards, till it wishes to descend. It has no sooner assumed the pupa state, than the respiratory tail disappears, and the insect (still an inhabitant of the water) then breathes through two projecting horns, each resembling a coriaceous, which proceed from the upper part of the trunk. During the skin of the pupa bursts asunder, and the perfect gnat, or winged insect, makes its appearance with neither caudal nor thoracic appendages, but breathing by means of numerous lateral pores.'

A still more extraordinary apparatus for breathing is described as belonging to the root-tailed worm; the larva of a species of fly (*Eligmodontia*). The tail is formed of retractile tubes like a telescope, and capable of being extended twelve times the length of its body. This tail also terminates in a star-like appendage, which forms a perceptible dimple on the surface of the water, while the body of the larva lies in the mud below, the tail being contracted or extended according to the height of the surface above its lair. On assuming the pupa state, this tail is cast off; and, being no longer an aquatic animal, it breathes through four horns placed on the upper part of the thorax. When it becomes a fly, it again changes its respiratory apparatus, which now consists, as in other insects, of lateral spiracles.

In taking our leave of Mr. Wilson, we cannot but wish him every success in this great undertaking, though we regret to think that the necessarily high price of the work must confine it to the libraries of the opulent.

The West India Question plainly stated, and the way Practical Kennedy briefly considered, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Henry Goulbourn, by Fortunatus Dwaris, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. J. Ridgway. London, 1828.

This is a sensible, temperate, and judicious pamphlet, and must be considered as the production of a person intimately acquainted with the localities of the West India Colonies, and, therefore, fully competent to speak 'ex cathedra' on the subject of which he treats. Mr. Dwaris, our readers perhaps are not aware, is a West Indian by birth; and is already advantageously known as a Commissioner of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice in the West Indies. The changes which Mr. D. desires to see effected in our West Indian possessions, are such as every friend of the human race must desire to see accomplished as soon as possible. These are a pure and equal administration of justice; the revising and softening of the law, with regard to slaves; the non-separation of black families; the introduction of task labour; the limitation of slavery itself; and, in conjunction with all these desirable ends, the compensation of the master and the conciliation of the colonist. Mr. Dwaris satisfactorily (at least to our minds) demonstrates that all these objects are attainable in practice, and may be pursued, not only without danger, but with positive advantage to the Colonies themselves, and with safety to the Empire at large.

In conclusion, we recommend this pamphlet as a judicious mean between the fanciful theories of Wild Emancipists, and the more despicable advocates of perpetual slavery.

The Boy's Own Book. Square 8vo. pp. 447. Vizell, London.

This plan of this volume is an excellent one; for nothing can be more desirable than the union of amusement and instruction in a work intended exclusively for the young. In the directions given on the different gymnastic exercises, every thing is said that can be required by the self-instructed pupil, and the chemical experiments and mathematical problems are well selected and described. Several amusing accounts are also given of the various kinds of pigeons, rabbits, &c. in which the young merchant may choose to speculate. Thus far the publication merits considerable praise; but the low and wretched juggling tricks, with directions to perform them, with which the latter part of the volume is taken up, ought never to have been given. They are not merely useless, or in bad taste, but are calculated to do much mischief. But, if this may be said with regard to such things generally, it applies with much stronger force to the directions given for conjuring with cards, in some of which the youthful student is most strongly advised to be particularly skilful, in 'Forcing and Shuffling.' We trust, in another edition of this otherwise useful little work, these elements will be removed.

Jesuits.
The Baron Segnier, First President of the Royal Court of Paris, has, it is said, distinctly and energetically expressed his opinion on the illegality of Jesuits finding a domicile in France, and has addressed this statement, officially, to the Archbishop of Paris, dom

PROLUSIONES VETUSTÆ.

Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesie.

It was mentioned, at the commencement of 'The Arcturion,' that a portion of its pages would be occasionally occupied with selections from the most curious and valuable works of old English Authors. The pressure of other matter which claimed immediate insertion, has hitherto prevented our fulfilling this design; but in compliance with the wishes of some of our readers, we have determined on commencing the proposed series of retrospective articles without any further delay. In making our choice of authors, or works from which to give extracts, we shall be guided by the general interest they are calculated to excite, and by the use they may be of in illustrating the opinions of a particular age, or the genius of conspicuous men in remarkable periods of literature. In doing this, however, it must be observed that we do not intend to confine ourselves to a particular class of writings, but to select sometimes from one kind, and sometimes from another, as chance or our own inclination may lead us to the perusal.

We commence the series with a little work of great interest and excellency. Sir Philip Sidney's Tractate on Poetry contains all the peculiarities of that writer's style, and is almost sufficient in itself to afford a true estimate of his powers and genius. It is strongly imbued with that gentle philosophy from which both his chivalry and his love of literature were derived; and the learned spirit of his age is equally conspicuous in its superabundance of classical allusions and quotations. After having humorously mentioned the vanity with which the professors of every art seek to extol their pursuit above all others, the author thus proceeds with his

Defense of Poesie.

There is no art delivered to mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So do the geometrician and arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in tunes, tell you which by nature agree; which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, and passions of man; and follow nature (saith he) therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will best prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question; according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysician, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, declining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, another nature; in making either better than nature bringeth forth, or new forms, such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimæras, Giants, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of his own wit.

Nature never set forth the earth in such rich variety as divers poets have done, neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is

brazen, the poets only deliver a golden; but let those things alone and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her utmost cunning is employed; and know whether she has brought forth so true a lover as Theagines, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a Prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas; neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential—the other in imitation or fiction; for any understanding knoweth the skill of the artificer standeth in that idea or fore-conceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he hath imagined them. Which delivering forth also is not only imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world, to make many Cyruces, if they will learn aright, why and how that maker made him.

Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature, but rather give right honour to the heavenly maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth far surpassing her doings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam; since our created wit, maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will, keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted. Thus much, I hope, will be given me, that the Greeks with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be more palpable; and so I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poetry, therefore, is an art of imitation; for so Aristotle termeth it in this word *Mimesis*; that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth; to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture; with this end, to teach and delight; of this have been three several kinds. The chief both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah, in their Hymns; and the writer of Job; which beside others, the learned Emanuel, Tremelius, and Franciscus Junius, do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture. Against these none will speak, that hath the Holy Ghost in due reverence.

In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer, in his Hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans, and this poetry must be used by whosoever will follow St. James's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never leaving goodness.

The second kind, is of them that deal with matters philosophically; either moral, as Tirtus, Phocildes, and Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius, and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgments, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the course of his own invention, whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute; and go to the third,

indeed right poets, of whom chiefly, this question ariseth; betwixt whom, and these second, is such a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent; who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours, upon you, which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant, though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault.

Wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue; for these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight, and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be, but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they; that as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *Poets*, so these are waited on in the most excellent languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of Poets; for these; indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and light to move men to take that goodness in hand, which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger. And teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved, which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them! These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations. The most notable be the Heroic, Lyric, Tragic, Comic, Satiric, Iambic, Elegiac, Pastoral, and certain others. Some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sorts of verses they liked best to write in; for, indeed, the greatest part of Poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse; indeed, but apparelled; verse being but an ornament, and no cause to Poetry, since these hath been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of Poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently, as to give us *effigiem justi imperit*, the portraiture of a just empire under the name of Cyrus; (as Cicero saith of him,) made therein an absolute heroic Poem.

So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagines and Caricles; and yet both these writ in prose; which I speak to show, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet, no more than a long gown maketh an advocate; who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier. But it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by; although, indeed, the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, wearing, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking (table-talk fashion) or like men in a dream, words as they chanced fall from the mouth, but poising each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss first to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we shall obtain a more favourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of the man, bred many formed impressions; for some, that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high and heavenly as an acquaintance with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the natural causes of things, became natural

and supernatural philosophers; some, an admirable delight drew to music; and some, the certainty of demonstration, to the mathematics. But all, one and other, having this scope to know, and by knowledge, to lift up the mind from the knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon body, to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then love did prove the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have each a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called *Architectonike*, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration with the end of well doing and not of well knowing only; even as the sadler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end, to serve a noble faculty, which is horsemanship. So the horseman's to soldiery, and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier; so that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show the poet's nobleness, by setting him before his other competitors, among whom, as principal challengers, step forth the moral philosophers, whom methinketh I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereunto they set their names, sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger; these men casting larges as they go, of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative, do soberly ask, whether it be possible to find any path, so ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teacheth what virtue is? and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects; but also, by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered, by shewing the generalities that constraineth, and the specialities that are derived from it. Lastly, by plain setting down, how it extendeth itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies.

The historian scarcely giveth leisure to the moralist, to say so much, but, that he laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorising himself (for the most part) upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality, better acquainted with a thousand years ago, than with the present age; and yet, better knowing how this world goeth, then how his own wit runneth curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk, denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue, and virtuous actions, is comparable to him. *Jam Sæcæ vite, Temporum magistra; vita memoria, Nuncia vetustatis, &c.*

The philosopher (sayeth he) teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active: his virtue is excellent in the dangerless academy of Plato, but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poitiers, and Agincourt. He teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations, but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher, but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute, and if he be the guide, I am the light.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
MILTON'S *Paradise Regained*.

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'
—GENESIS.

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Forms of the Ear.—The funnel, or outer ear of animals, is adapted, with remarkable skill, to their different habits of life. In hounds, swine, and other animals, which require to attend to low sounds, the outer ear is either pendulous or movable, to compensate, it should appear, for their difficulty of moving the head. Were their ears not constructed in this manner, hogs, while eagerly digging for roots, and hounds, when keenly pursuing their game by the scent, might fall into danger, which their hanging ears readily intimates, by catching the lowest sounds that float along the ground. In beasts of prey, the outer ear is directed forward; in timid animals, again, which are always in danger of attack, the outer ear is very large, and usually directed backwards, though it is very moveable. The ass and the hare are notable examples.

Birds, correctly speaking, have no external ear, except a tuft of stiff feathers placed close to the entrance of the ear. A funnel, like that of quadrupeds, would have obstructed their rapid motion through the air in flying. The tuft of feathers, from being non-conductors of sound, must tend to impede hearing, were this not compensated by the provision which is made to them for a different purpose, namely, for rendering them buoyant; for the air-vessels do not, as in other animals, terminate in the lungs, but extend, in numerous branches, through the whole body, even to the bones themselves. The sounds, therefore, which are stopped, or muffled, by the feathers of the bird, will be rendered more distinct from the greater quantity of air contained in all parts of the body.

2.—ENTOMOLOGY.

The Hop-fly.—The knowledge of science is frequently invaluable to practical men. We have a striking example of this in the depredations committed by insects in the hop plantations. The great numbers of the well known insect, the lady-bird, or lady-cow, (*Coccinella*), which swarm during part of the summer upon hops, induce many hop-growers to suppose that they are the depredators; while, on the contrary, they resort to the hop grounds to feed upon the hop-fly, (*Aphis*), and its larvæ, which destroy the hops by sucking the juices of the leaves and young shoots. The larvæ, or grub, of the lady-bird, also feeds upon the aphides, and tends to diminish their destructive numbers, both in the hop grounds and in flower gardens, where similar species of aphides infest the young leaves and buds of roses, China asters, beans, and other garden-plants, and are confounded, in common parlance, under the vulgar name of *blight*, with a multitude of other insects, as well as with cold winds, parching suns, &c.

3.—CONCHOLOGY.

The Oyster Lamp.—M. de Lavigne remarked, on opening an oyster, a shining bluish light, resembling a star, near the centre of the shell, which, on nearer examination, he discovered to be phosphorus. On scooping it out of the shell, it extended nearly half an inch in length; and, when immersed in water, seemed in every respect the same as artificially prepared phosphorus. The oyster in which this was discovered was perfectly alive and fresh. The light could not, therefore, proceed from any decomposition of the shell or the animal, but must have been derived from some other source. Upon examining this phosphorescent substance by the aid of a microscope of considerable power, it was found to consist of various animalcula, each beautifully luminous, like miniature glow-worms, lighting up their starry lamps to illuminate the dark solitary chamber of the shell, and intended, perhaps, like the enchanted lamp of Arimida, to lure within its reach such marine inhabitants as it might prey upon.

4.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Ghuttony and Longevity of the Pike.—The fresh-water shark, as we take the liberty of calling the Pike, (*Esox Lucius*), is so extremely voracious, that it devours all sorts of fish, its own species not excepted. Notwithstanding this indiscriminate ghuttony, it will live to an incredible age, and it usually grows, when old, to a very great size. Pliny mentions a pike which weighed no less than a thousand pounds. The oldest and largest pike on modern record, was taken at Kayser-lantern, in the Palatinate, in 1497. It was nineteen

feet long, and weighed 350 pounds. It was ascertained by a ring of gilt copper affixed to it, that it had been put into the water by the Emperor Barbarossa in the year 1230, proving it to be at least 267 years old.

5.—ORNITHOLOGY.

The Dodo.—In most works of natural history, a figure is given of a singular-looking bird—squat, bunchy, and purled, as if it had been bunched up to be squeezed into a travelling-box—its neck shortened, and its head set out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, not unlike a goose falling asleep. This bird, if it be a bird, has been called the Dodo; but it does not appear that any one has seen such an animal. There are fragments, however, said to have belonged to Dodos, in more than one museum. Among these, are mentioned a head and two feet, which do not appear to be fellows. The Dodo is said to be a native of Madagascar and the Mauritius, where a tradition of its existence is still current, similar, perhaps, to that of the Roc of the Arabian Nights. Be this as it may, some of our ornithologists are still sanguine that specimens of this 'rara avis in terra,' may, perhaps, be procured from the east coast of Africa. It seems to be ascertained, beyond a doubt, that it has long disappeared from Madagascar and the neighbouring islands, if it ever existed there.

Hearing of the Goose.—From the time that the Eternal City was warned of the approach of the Gauls, the Goose has been as celebrated for its quickness of hearing, as the eagle for its strength of sight.—(GELLI, *Circæ*.)

6.—MAZEOLOGY.

Fascinating power of Cats.—The fascination of serpents is beyond a doubt, though it is often disbelieved by those who are afraid of obtaining a reputation for credulity, and who delight to feed their vanity by rejecting opinions that are deemed vulgar or common. The celebrated Montaigne was not a person who could be accused of credulity, and he informs us, that near his house, a cat was observed, watching a bird at the top of a tree. For some time they mutually fastened their eyes on each other, and at length the bird let itself fall as if dead into the cat's claws;—either, he remarks, being dazzled by the force of terror, or by some unknown attractive power in the cat.

Hedge-hogs omnivorous.—Man is not, it should seem, the only animal that can with justice be called omnivorous, feeding on animal and vegetable substances in some measure indiscriminately. The hedge-hog appears to possess an almost equal variety of tastes with ourselves. Mr. White, of Selborne, had his gravel walks ploughed up and disfigured by the hedge-hogs digging (for the roots of plantain (*Plantago major*), which they ate from the bottom upwards, leaving the foliage untouched. The common opinion that they live upon fruits is so far correct, but they cannot procure nuts and apples all the year round, and must find substitutes when these are not to be had. Mr. Buckland had one which killed a snake and devoured it, and it is not therefore, improbable, that they will eat frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. In London, they are kept in a tame state to destroy the black-beetles, or cock-roaches, (*Blatta Americana*), which infest the sunk floors, and in this domestic state they are fed upon milk, bread, &c.

7.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

Advantages of two Legs.—It is a shrewd remark of the distinguished French philosopher, Cabanis, that few animals are better fitted for speed than man. Savages can, in many cases, run down the animals which they make their prey; and in Europe professed pedestrians will outstrip the fleetest horse, who only succeeds by reducing his four legs to two in the act of galloping. The hare, the stag, and the greyhound follow the same principle; and the ostrich, the cassowary, and the bustard, with only two legs, will in most cases outstrip the best blood horse.

Effects of Darkness and Light on the Eyes.—M. Richerand informs us, that an English gentleman, who had long been imprisoned in a dark cell, came at length to distinguish the smallest object, in consequence of the great enlargement of the pupil of his eye. He was in course of time liberated, but when he returned to the light his eye could not bear it, and the pupils contracted so as wholly to efface the aperture.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'
GRAY.

1. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Effects of Ivy on Trees.—It appears to be a vulgar prejudice that ivy kills the trees it clings to. If it

rooted itself, as is erroneously supposed, in their bark, and fed on their juices, it might merit the accusation of a destroyer, but it derives its nourishment wholly from the ground, where it is rooted; and the supposed roots on the bark of trees are only tendrils or hold-fasts to enable it to climb. The opinion of its injuring trees seems to have arisen (and very naturally too) from the fact, that it prefers to climb up a dead or dying branch, and will not attach itself to very young wood at all. Mr. Reptan, the landscape gardener, gives numerous facts to show that trees overrun with ivy, so far from being injured by it, grow most luxuriantly. Evelyn says, that when ivy is stripped from trees, they are often killed by the cold in the ensuing winter.

2.—BOTANY.

Self-sown Seeds.—It is a very remarkable fact, well known to florists, that self-sown seeds usually produce natural flowers, whatever the plant may have been from which they were scattered; that is, however fine in colour, size, or form, a flower may have been rendered by cultivation; when it is allowed to shed its seed on the ground, the plants thence arising will again degenerate into the common appearance of its wild original. We have a striking instance of the fact in our own garden at this moment, in the case of the carnation poppy, (*Papaver rhœas*) which is so much admired when double and varied in colour; and we had some last year of numerous shades, and as double as garden roses. Several seedlings from these came up last autumn, and stood the winter, and are just come into flower; but all of them are of the same orange-red tint with the wild corn poppy, and nearly single. Had the seed been saved, and kept out of the ground till spring, the same double flowers, of varied tints, would have been produced. In the case of heart's-ease, (*Viola tricolor*) which sports in so many beautiful varieties, a similar degeneration takes place—the self-sown seeds producing almost uniformly small, dingy, blossoms, of little beauty, compared with the fine varieties produced by carefully drying the seed, and keeping it for some months out of the ground. Balsam seed, it is said, will not produce fine double-flowered plants unless it be kept for nine years.

3.—MINERALOGY.

Salt Springs of Cheshire.—The highest proportions of pure muriate of soda, (common salt,) which has been found in the salt springs in Cheshire, is 26,566 per cent.; but 25 per cent. is the more usual proportion. The earthy salts, which are held in solution along with it, are muriate of magnesia and sulphate of lime, (Paris plaster,) varying from six-tenths to 2, or 2.5, per cent. —*Geological Trans.*

4.—GEOLOGY.

Filling up of Lake Superior.—About a thousand rivers and streams empty themselves into Lake Superior, sweeping in sand, primitive boulder stones, and drift timber, which sometimes accumulate so as to form islands in the estuaries. A lignite formation, indeed, is said to be now in progress similar to that of Bovey, in Devonshire. Within a mile of the shore, the water is about 70 fathoms; within eight miles, 136 fathoms; and the greatest depth of the lake, farther from the shore, is unknown. Lake Erie, from similar causes, is gradually growing shallower. Long Point, for example, has, in three years, gained no less than three miles on the water.

5.—METEOROLOGY.

Local Storm.—When Mr. Scoresby, sen., commanded the ship *Henrietta*, lie, on one occasion, experienced on the Greenland Sea a tedious gale, accompanied by snowy weather. As the wind began to abate, a ship came up under all sails. The master hailed the *Henrietta*, and inquired why she was under close-reared top-sails in such moderate weather. On being told that a storm had just subsided, he declared that he knew nothing of it, though he had observed a swell and a black cloud a-head of his ship, that seemed to advance before him, until he was over shadowed by it, a little while before he had come up with the *Henrietta*. He had had fine weather and light winds the whole day.

6. OPTICS.

Light of the Moon.—When we look at the full-moon, in a clear night, the light, in a short time, becomes painful to the eyes; because, say some philosophers, reflected light has more effect upon the eyes than direct light. MM. Bonguer and De la Hire found the proportion of the moon's light, to that of the sun, to be 300,000 to 1. When concentrated to a focus by means of a burning glass, the moon's light gives no heat.

7.—ASTRONOMY.

Weight of the Inhabitants of the Sun.—As the sun is more than one hundred times larger than the earth, and

as the attraction of gravitation, which is the measure of weight, increases with the diameter of the planets, we conclude, if these premises are just, that substances will weigh much heavier on the sun than on the earth. A man, for example, of moderate size, would weigh not less than two tons. From the globe of the moon being comparatively less than the earth, the lunar inhabitants must, of course, weigh considerably less than our sub-lunary brethren.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

Edinburgh Review.

7.—AGRICULTURE.

Bone Manure.—Experiments have lately been made with bones reduced to dust, or broken into pieces of the size of a walnut, for manuring land; and it has been found to be very beneficial in silicious, sandy soil, in the quantity of thirty-six bushels per acre; but, in calcareous, stony land, the bones seemed to have no effect whatever, though laid on in still greater quantity.

2.—GARDENING.

Peat Earth.—To an inexperienced eye, peat earth, so much used for growing American plants, &c., would appear, from its dark colour, to be as rich as the best vegetable mould; but it is not so, in fact; for we often find tracks of peat land as barren as the desert. The excess of vegetable matter, indeed, appears to be injurious rather than useful, and requires to be less in quantity, and to have its fibrous texture destroyed. Unless it is connected by a mixture of the firmer earths, it is too porous and loose; too easily saturated with moisture, and too easily freed from it.

3.—MECHANICS.

Naval Windmill.—In a recent Number of the 'Mechanic's Magazine, which, we are glad to observe, improves like old wine in its age, we are told of the ingenious application of a windmill to the pump of the brig *Hannah*, Captain Bartlett of Plymouth, which had sprung a leak; and, being exposed to continued gales for thirty-five days, all hands were quite exhausted. The windmill made 2400 strokes of the pump per hour when the wind was blowing fresh, and finally saved the vessel.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

THE last concert of the season, on Monday, was as admirable as any of its predecessors, and, to the satisfaction of most of the orchestra and subscribers, was led and conducted by two of the most clever, worthy, and amiable men, that adorn the musical profession, namely, Mr. Weichsel, and Dr. Crotch. To many who enjoy the pleasure of knowing these gentlemen, it seemed rather a remarkable coincidence, that two such highly-esteemed artists, of peculiarly cultivated talents, kind disposition, and bland manners, should by accident have been elected to conclude the season with eclat.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's 8th Sinfonia, (op. 93,) in F, which, perhaps, is more difficult, noisy, and eccentric, than pleasing, as a whole, although parts shine out in the brightest manner. The first movement (an Allegro Vivace con brio, in 3-4 time,) illustrates our first position, but the Allegretto Scherzando (in B, 2-4 time) bear us out in the second, for it is a delightful piece of playfulness, exhibiting singular talent, but unusually difficult as to time. It went off exceedingly well, and was encored solely from its merit. In the Trio which follows the Tempi di Menuetto, the author has written an Arpeggio for the violoncello, (in accompaniment to the clarinet and horn solos,) which is extremely difficult; and upon all previous performances, Lindley has executed the ungrateful office by himself, but, upon this occasion, (as it has been almost impossible, from the overpowering tone of the horn, for the violoncello to cope with it,) all the performers upon that instrument joined with Lindley in the task, which, no doubt, was Beethoven's intention; and the effect was infinitely improved. The last movement, Allegro Vivace, abounded with clamour and hard fiddling, which seemed a sort of labour in vain.

No. 2.—Terzetto, 'Cosasento,' Madame Stockhausen, Mr. Begrez, and Signor De Begnis, from Mozart's 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' This most enchanting, and inimitable piece of excellence in vocal music, went off tolerably well, though not in the highest perfection—the male singers being extremely inattentive to the time, to the apparent annoyance of their amiable female companion, the better part of their auditors, and the orchestra generally. We notice this with the greater readiness,

because Mozart's beautiful Trio deserves the most perfect execution and unlimited attention.

No. 3.—Concerto Pianoforte, Mr. Pixis, composed by himself, (op. 100!) In the key of C, ostensibly, but occasionally in every other possible key! The Adagio (in A flat, 12-8 time,) we thought rather tedious, and pantomimical, although evincing considerable fancy and ability; but, unfortunately, it has become necessary to have recourse to eccentricity, to create a sensation, and agree with the popular taste. The Rondo Allegretto Scherzando (in 2-4 time) was gay and playful, but, as is the fashion, finished in as quick a time as possible; for, after repeated *più moto's*, and *più mosso's*, he writes, 'ancor poco stringendo il Tempo!' and the whole concludes as 'fast and furious' as can be produced.

Johann Peter Pixis was born at Manheim, in 1788; he has been a celebrated pianist from the age of twelve years, and received his principal instructions from his father, who was organist of the Reformed Church at Manheim, since the year 1770. Upon the present occasion, his manner and performance was clever, cool, and collected; and, in a remarkable degree, reminded his auditors and spectators of poor Weber, by his composition, style, and personal demeanour, general and particular, even to the aquiline nose and spectacles. His composition was a finished and excellent Concertante for all the principal instruments; and, with his performance comprised, we think, the excellencies of every school, without producing any thing like commensurate credit and applause. It has been objected, that Concertos for Pianoforte, &c. should not be Concertantes so immediately obligated for all the various instruments; but when a composer enjoys the means and talent of producing a poetic and fine concerted piece of writing, he acts patriotically, and independently in doing so; for, perhaps, in proportion as he exhibits other professors and their instruments, he places his own particular performance at a discount. Upon the whole, Pixis deserves to be recorded as a most experienced, careful, and talented composer, and an exceedingly clever, well-practised, and perfect performer.

No. 4.—Song, Mr. Phillips, 'Revenge! Timotheus cries,' from Handel's 'Alexander's Feast.' An example of ancient Music was regarded as a novelty at the Philharmonic, which, with the singer, received considerable applause. The beautiful and classical piece of writing, accompanied only by two tenors, two bassoons, and the basses, was well performed by Ware, Challoner, Mackintosh, and Tully, supported by the numerous and excellent violoncellos, and double basses, of the orchestra*. The first act concluded with Weber's Overture, 'Der Beherrscher der Geister,' which possesses no particular features to commend or censure.

Mozart's superb sinfonia op. 38, in C, denominated universally the 'Jupiter Sinfonia,' from its unsurpassed merit, was performed as usual with the utmost enthusiasm and devotedness, and listened to with profound attention and respect. Praise and description are alike unnecessary; and we can only compliment the dilatory upon their good sense and taste, in enjoining the middle movement.

No. 7. Scena, Madame Stockhausen, 'Quelle horrible destinée,' from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*. It may be proper to say, that Rossini has re-written a great part of his fine Oratorio or Opera last year in Paris, and in the French language, of which Madame Stockhausen's grand scena forms a delightful specimen. Perhaps the most concise information may be received from the following copy of the title under which his new arrangement is published, viz:—*Mosé, Opera en quatre Actes, représentée pour la première fois, sur le Théâtre de l'Académie Royale de Musique, le 26me Mars, 1827. Dédié à Monsieur le Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, Aide-de-camp du Roi, chargé du Département des Beaux Arts, par G. Rossini.* It appears that this scena is performed in the place of the beautiful aria in the original arrangement, 'Porgi la destra amata,' and is principally in the same key of E. In the new piece, the pathetic touching, and feeling complaint, exhibited in the first allegro agitato, in the minor key, was characteristic and effective in the extreme, and the remarkable modulation into the major, at the words 'Grand Dieu, j'implore ta clémence!' created surprise, delight, and admiration, in the minds of all the connoisseurs, particularly of Dr. Crotch, as it should appear by the smile of approbation exhibited upon his countenance; and some of those whose conceit and prejudice overbalances their talent, chose to say that

* Mademoiselle Soutag had offered, and promised, to sing a piece *gratis* in the place of this song, but, at the Saturday's rehearsal, sent intelligence that her unexpected engagement would prevent her.

'It was too good for Rossini.' Occasionally, Madame Stockhausen's powers were scarcely sufficient to execute the very vivid and difficult passages near the conclusion; but, upon the whole, she exhibited excellent judgment, taste, and ability.

No. 8.—Quintetto, two violins, two violas, and violoncello; Messrs. Mori, Watts, Loder, Lyon, and Lindley. Composed by Beethoven.

This was well performed; and although, as usual with these pieces, found rather too long for a concert-room, received deserved applause. Mori evinced propriety, and judgment in enlisting the powerful and steady aid of Loder as his first tenor, but by the rivalry, almost defeated his diplomacy. In general, we hear but one principal solo performer, but here were 'two Richmonds in the field.'

No. 9.—Quartetto, 'Cara da voi dipende,' Madame Stockhausen, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Philips, and Signor de Begni. By Cherubini.

This is certainly only chosen, because it suited the particular voices and capabilities of the vocalists, and not for any merit about the piece itself, which was decidedly the poorest specimen of composition exhibited during the whole season, and must have been written when Cherubini was very young. It was "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and the concert (which was to finish the season,) would have concluded in an indifferent manner, but for the beautiful overture of Andreas Romberg, in D, which is one of the most interesting, perspicuous, and charming specimens of this species of writing, produced of late years. It was excellent and carefully performed; and thus ended the eighth concert of the Philharmonics in 1828; a Society which has certainly produced wonderful improvement in the style, execution, precision, and manner of our orchestral performers; and which has raised the rank of English professors and connoisseurs greatly beyond that which it used to hold on the Continent, and, in fact, all over the musical world.

The following is a brief recapitulation of the performers who have principally assisted at the eight concerts of the present season. Leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer, Weichsel, Spagnoletti, Mort and Loder. Conductors, Messrs. Clementi, Cramer, Bishop, Sir G. Smart, Atwood, Neate, Potter, and Dr. Crotch. Singers, Madame Caradori Allen, Signora Brambilla, Madame Klinger, Miss Childs, Madame Puzzi, Madame Schutz, Miss Bacon, and Madame Stockhausen; Mr. Sapio, Signor Pelligrini, Mr. Abraham, Signor Carlini, Signor Zuchelli, Signor De Bagnis, Mr. Begrez, and Mr. Phillips; and concertos by Oury, Cramer, Vogt, Moscheles, De Beriot, Neate, Nicholson, Bohrer, and Pixis. The above list is enumerated in the succession in which they appeared, and certainly exhibits a constellation of the highest talent and greatest variety produced by the directors. (Messrs. Spagnoletti, Latour, Dixi, Neate, Dance, Bishop, and Cramer,) to their infinite credit.

HAYMARKET THEATRE

This house was opened on Monday evening, for the season, but the curtain drew up to a very thin and discouraging audience. Several improvements have been made in the internal part of the theatre, but we regret that the company is deficient in many of its best attractions. The first piece was a little comic entertainment in one act, called 'A Daughter to Marry,' by Mr. Planché, but adapted from the French. Its plot is founded on the contrivance of two lovers, who, when formally introduced by their friends, pretend to hate; but afterwards declare their love by matrimony. This piece was followed by the 'Hypocrite,' in which Miss F. H. Kelly, it being her first appearance on this stage, performed the part of Charlotte. She has a good figure and an excellent voice, but fails in its proper management. She also appeared to mistake occasionally the real nature of her part, which is that of a fiert, but not a vulgar one. Mr. W. Farren was admirable as Dr. Cantwell, and Mr. Reeve, as Maw-worm, deserved all the applause which was given him. The evening ended with the 'Reconceit'; but it went off rather heavily.

BEETHOVEN.] 9

The Anniversary of the death of this famous composer has been celebrated lately, at Berlin, in a manner honourable to his fame and memory. A public concert was given, attended by all that was noble and influential in the Prussian capital; the entire performance being derived from Beethoven's works, and commencing with the 'Sinfonia Eroica,' one of his masterpieces.

FINE ARTS

HOBDAV'S GALLERY OF MODERN ART

We are indebted to Mr. Hobday for an exhibition of a novel character, in an assemblage of works of British and French artists in his Gallery, Pall Mall. We are advocates for free trade in every thing, in arts no less than commerce ; for we are confident that in every branch of production, our countrymen, instead of suffering from the admission of foreigners to competition with them, will only be excited to new and more successful efforts. The British is not a nation addicted to yielding the palm tamely to others ; and we are quite sure, therefore, that the only effect of admitting the works of other nations, to use or show in England, will be the improvement of our own produce. We, therefore, hail with satisfaction the new proof of the liberality of the age for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Hobday, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the magnanimity of the several artists of the rival nations, who have sent their pictures to his gallery.

Among the British painters who have contributed to this Exhibition, we have the President of the Royal Academy himself, Messrs. W. Daniell, Howard, Reinagle, Shee, Stothard, Westall, and Ward, Academicians; and Messrs. W. Westall and Danby, Associates. In the catalogue we have also other names of note, both living and dead, among which we may mention Louthenbourg and Morland, Stephanoff, Brockedon, J. P. Davis, and Glover. The greater number of the French works are by the two Vernets, Horace and Carle, Delacroix, Scheffer, with some *et ceteri*. It is these to which we propose to advert most particularly at present. The works of our countrymen are already familiar to the public, having been previously exhibited; and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with enumerating a few of these, in order to give an idea of the character of the exhibition, and the description of works placed by the side of the performances of Horace Vernet and Delacroix. The President's contribution is the portrait of Lady Jersey—a picture which, in spirit and expression, equals anything Sir Thomas Lawrence has executed. The well-known, 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' and 'Shakespeare's Characters,' of Stothard, with several other popular but smaller pieces of that artist's, are also among the principal attractions of the Gallery. Near the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and in a better light than we have ever before seen them, are the two works of Mr. J. P. Davis, the 'Trasteverina' and the 'Contadina and Scribe.' Of the former, we have spoken in an early Number of 'The Athenæum'; of the latter, we may take occasion to express our opinion, that it is one of the most delightful of the artist's works, displaying much fancy, and great power of pencil. The flesh of the Contadina is especially admirable. Mr. Ward's 'Smolensko' is hung between an animal piece of each of the Vernets, and beats them both. In the 'Fingal' of Carle Vernet there may be more vivacity of form, but, with all his action, the animal wants the sentiment and the life of Smolensko. Louthenbourg's works are the well-known 'Battle of Alexandria,' and the 'Landing at Aboukir Bay.' 2093, and 2094

We turn now to the productions of the French pencil. The chief of these is the largest painting in the room, and entitled, an *Episode of the Battle of Hastings*, i. e. the discovery of the body of Harold by Edith, surnamed the 'Swan-necked beauty.' This is a picture composed and executed with great study and art, simple in its general design, but deficient in truth and feeling. The figures, indeed, call to mind certain professors of the historicist art, who declaim and attitudinise with great learning and skill; but who, insensible by nature, and devoid of genius, remain themselves unaffected by the part they undertake to enact, and want those inward promptings which alone give the power of exciting any deep emotion in their audience. The correctness of the drawing, and simplicity in the general grouping, are the qualities most to be admired in this picture. The figure of the young monk, with the hood drawn over his head, is dignified; the head itself, too, of that figure is the best: all the others are much overcharged. Those of the women are more especially so; that of Edith is lamentably deficient in sentiment, although affecting a great deal of it. The colouring is clay-like, cold, and disagreeable—very ineffective from the absence of due contrast of light and shadow.

The able painter of the *Decapitation of Marina Faliero*, so much, and so deservedly admired, at the late exhibition at the British Institution, is not to be recognised

in his *Allegorical Figure of Greece, &c.*; but his *Battle between the Giaour and the Pasha Hassan* has much more of the clever and effective handling, and fine rich colour, so conspicuous in the first mentioned work.

The Punishment of Mazeppa, by Horace Vernet, is very spirited, well-drawn, and powerfully painted performance.

France in 1814.—The 'Pastor Oberlin, with the inhabitants of a village which had defended itself against the Cossacks,' by Scheffer, sen., is a very interesting and affecting representation of one of those moving scenes of disaster and distress too frequent in countries subject to the horrors of actual warfare. The representation so near to the life as in this picture, extracts from the imagination of the English beholder, a higher degree of sympathy, perhaps, than he would be affected withal had not the happy insular situation of his own country exempted him from the experience which might have ensured him to similar spectacles. We might find several other works, in this exhibition, worthy of notice and praise, but that our space does not permit our doing full justice to a catalogue which contains a list of 175 performances. Neither would we willingly excite jealousy in our English artists, or in our Royal Academy, so we abstain; recommending our readers to go and judge for themselves, and do justice to the artists of both countries, all of whom, by their merits, however differing in kind and degree, have

PROMETHEUS

A Painting, said to be of Salcator Rosa, from the Greville Gallery, Florence, exhibiting with other works at No. 26, Pall-Mall.

We should prefer following the example of the Italian engraver who has copied this work, and would call it *Titans*, rather than *Prometheus*. The representation before us does not suit the high-thoughted Prometheus of Æschylus, the great benefactor of the human race, prescient, grand, and dignified, the resigned but still unbending victim of Jove's omnipotence, whom three kindred deities, doing the behest of the ruler of gods and men, had bound to the wild rock in adamantine chains. In the Prometheus of Æschylus an inward groan might betray the sufferings of an immortal mind; but the writhing of an ordinary mortal frame, ejaculating cries, while no ideal victim preys on his vitals, renders the descent from Parnassus' heights to sordid earth too sudden. Be the painting in question, therefore, by Salvatore Rosa or any other artist, or a copy merely, it is not, at its rate, an agreeable work of art. It is vigorously conceived, but the drawing does not display that extraordinary spirit and freedom, which, in most cases, distinguish the performances of Salvatore.

Among the works in this collection is a characteristic portrait, of considerable antiquity, of some well-known Florentine of the day, a certain Pipi. The *English Catalogue* calls the picture 'Portrait of a Certo Pipi' by Giovanni San Giovanni. His name and vocation are made known in the following lines, inscribed on the portrait:

'Pipi son io di frutte e carne cinto,
Merchato vecchio il sa, Pitti, e Firenze.
Portai zane trent' anni alla dispensa,
E per farmi immortal son qui diinto.'

How far the Ser Pipi may attain immortality, the sticklers for the precise, will not, perhaps, allow to be yet settled; but it must be owned that few fruitsellers have attained, like him, a fame of three centuries.

PAINTING OF LIONARDO DA VINCI

At 131, in Bond Street, there is an exhibition of an extraordinary painting, which the proprietor, without, however, insisting very strongly on the pretension, gives out, as a work of Lionardo da Vinci. It is alleged to be a repetition of the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' of which there is one in the gallery of the Louvre, and another in the possession of Lord Suffolk, both attributed to Lionardo. There are some diversities in the treatment of the subjects in each of the three paintings sufficient to assert the originality of each. The painting before us, whoever be its author, is a remarkable work, of very extraordinary force of colour; and we have little doubt of its being an ancient painting. We cannot attribute it to Lionardo da Vinci, nor, we think, can any one who will (as we did) take the trouble of comparing it with the delightful piece by that artist, belonging to Lord Dudley, in the British Gallery. In the former we look in vain for the style or the drawing, so admirable in the latter.

MR. LANE'S PICTURE OF THE VISION OF JOSEPH

[We very readily give insertion to the following letter, containing an ingenious apology for the principal faults in Mr. Lane's great painting, which we noticed in a former Number of *The Athenæum*. Much might be said in answer to the apologies, but we shall content ourselves with repeating an observation we made on the former occasion, that the great masters are to be copied in their excellencies, and not followed in their errors. No authority will excuse an absurdity. We cannot say that Mr. Lane's picture is a masterpiece, but we think he has been accused of 'establishing a precise line at which imagination may or may not be allowed to separate itself from common sense.' Mr. Northcote's letter appended is extremely interesting, and must be highly gratifying and satisfactory to the artist to whom it is addressed; we need scarcely add, that we concur as earnestly and heartily in the generous wish it breathes, as any of Mr. Lane's unqualified admirers.]

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—Permit me to make a few observations, through your paper, on the subject of the anachronism imputed to Mr. Lane's picture of 'The Vision of Joseph.' A liberal and ingenious writer, in *The Examiner*, has proved, I think, irrefragably, that the anachronism does by no means exist, at least, in the ascribed degree; but, admitting the fact, I should be glad to understand by what canon of criticism the precise line has been established in art, at which imagination may or may not be allowed to separate from common sense, in the vulgar acceptance of that phrase.

It is evident from the examples of all the great masters, that they never considered their art amenable, for one moment, to the laws of mere probability. I forbear to allude to the Venetians, whose extravagancies, nevertheless, are more nearly allied to the philosophy of art, than at a first glance may be imagined; but I suffice as an authority, comprehending all others on this question, Raffaele, the legislator of style, the master of propriety. Of all men he had most accurately investigated the intellectual, as contrasted with the mechanical principles of his art; and of all artists, his departure, I will not say from fact, but from possibility, is the most daring and unscrupulous. In the picture of the 'School of Athens,' the poets, artists, and philosophers of Greece, Rome, and modern Italy, are assembled in the most familiar juxtaposition. In that of the defeat of 'The Syrians at Ostia,' Leo the Tenth receives the homage of the captives, and in another, he repulses Attila from the gates of Rome. These incongruities, however, trifling compared with those exhibited in the master of all Raffaele's works, 'The Heliodorus,' appears Pope Julius the Second, borne in by his officers in proper costume. They are wholly inattentive to the miracle which is passing before their eyes, although the astonishment of a group of women adjacent to them is excited by it, and the High Priest continues quietly praying at the altar, while angels, equestrians, and plebeians, dart across the pavement and cap the Roman Captain from the temple. Can we imagine, if these be inconsistencies, that Raffaele was aware of them; and that he had not considered other modes of treating his subjects? No; but he knew that his purpose was to produce a great work, and he discarded the lesser for the larger and more comprehensive idea of propriety. He knew that splendour and magnificence, that diversified situation of expression, were indispensable to his design, and that he could not exhibit the full magic of his art if he hesitated to call up such spirits as were capable of obeying his commands.

Every one conversant with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, must recollect with what earnestness that great artist and critic inveighs against the error of those who are prone to entertain narrow and contracted theories to the distrust of the feelings and imagination. I dissent, however, Sir, from pursuing a subject, the discussion of which would occupy too large space in your columns, requesting only your insertion of the following letter, addressed by Mr. Northcote to Mr. Lane, a testimony of which has been given as an authority, may, perhaps, more effectually adduce the merits of Mr. Lane's future claims than any comments which I am myself capable of adducing.

I have the honour, &c. J. B. NORTHCOTE.

MR. LANE, I have seen your picture of the 'Vision of Joseph,' which at first sight so surprised me, that at once I gave it, unbounded and unlimited approbation. I saw that it was the effusion of a pure and undisturbed mind. The picture has a solemn and august dignity, wholly new to paintings in England, and seems to perfume the field atmosphere of the present cloudy air of British Art. And it gave me great

and heartfelt pleasure, because I hope it will have a tendency to curb and regulate the childish, if not vicious, taste, which at this time prevails, and that we may be made ashamed of the depravity of taste which seems to ride triumphant, and not be captivated only by what is vulgar or meretricious, by sickly affected sentiment, or the disgusting and hackneyed display of modern battles and bloodshed.

The chasteness and beauty of your 'Madonna' is a rich example of female purity and loveliness, and in point of execution may, without any disadvantage on your side, stand in competition with Guido or the Carracci. Your conduct of light and shadow in the picture, in my opinion, is eminently skilful. Indeed, the picture has a power in the mechanical part of the art which I did not expect; the whole is animated by a fine feeling, and possesses great originality and invention.

I most sincerely hope it may do you all the good which you so justly deserve; and remain, dear Sir, your most sincere friend, and very humble servant,

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

Argyle Place, May 28, 1828.

ENGRAVINGS.

Scraps and Sketches, by George Cruikshank, to be continued occasionally. Robins and Co., Paternoster-row, London, 1828.

This is a collection of Forty-two Sketches, etched on six separate plates, each half-dozen being illustrative of some one general subject, and the whole full of the humour for which the artist is so deservedly celebrated. The first plate contains seven illustrations of the use and abuse of wooden legs. The second is a general satire on the enormous bonnets of the present day. The third contains pictures of high and low life. The fourth has a view of Crookford's, with appropriate accompaniments. The fifth is devoted to law and lawyers, with sketches of what are humorously called Gentlemen of the Bar. And the sixth contains very whimsical illustrations of the March of Intellect.

Among so many etchings, it is great praise to say, there are absolutely none without point, and the greater portion are full of genuine humour. Among the most striking, may perhaps be mentioned 'Bonnet Building,' representing a body of female architects, erecting a huge pile for the head of a fashionable lady, and using ladders, tackling, and all the aids required in the construction of a lofty edifice. Ignorance is bliss, represents two fat and powdered footmen at a nobleman's door, in all the ease of well-paid indolence—one asking the other, 'What is taxes, Thomas?' and the other very naively replying, 'I'm sure I don't know'; and the whole of the plate illustrative of the 'Age of Intellect,' which is full of the most whimsical figures and associations.

Cologne on the Rhine, Engraved by James H. Kernot, after a Painting by Clarkson Stanfield. Dedicated to Lord Northwick. Colnaghi, Son, and Co. London, 1828.

We have not, for a long time, seen a more beautiful print than this; whether the interest of the subject, or the manner of treating it, be considered. The assemblage of Gothic edifices, picturesque vessels and boats, busy groups, sparkling water, and a fine summer sky, produce altogether a most striking and pleasing effect. The drawing is perfect; and the engraving, which is in the best line manner, is of the very first order, in the proof impression that lies before us.

Picture of Organized Nature in its Spreading over the Earth. Translated from the German of Wilbrand and Ritgen. Smith and Son, Mapsellers, Strand, London, 1828.

We have classed this work under the head of Engravings, because its chief feature is the large plate, or picture, on which the display of Organized Nature is made; but, we should add, this is accompanied by a printed pamphlet, full of the most interesting details, explanatory of the plate itself, and containing more useful information, in a small space, than is to be found in any similar publication with which we are acquainted. It exhibits, in short, all the principal features and peculiarities of the earth, in its mountains, rivers, seas, lakes, and even animals and vegetables, in so interesting and lucid a manner, as to make it one of the most pleasing and profitable works that can be placed in the hands of an inquiring youth of either sex, or even persons of mature age.

Extraordinary Prints of Colnaghi's.

We have been favoured with the sight of some very extraordinary prints in the possession of Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street. They are copies, of the size of the originals, of three celebrated paintings, *The Nativity*, by Pietro da Cortona; *The Crowning with Thorns*, of Vandyke; and *The Crucifixion*, by the same artist. The prints measure seven feet by five; and, if we mistake not, have been executed each on four copper plates. It is not, however, for its size only that the work is remarkable. It is rendered still more so by the fact, that the single impressions in the possession of Mr. Colnaghi are the only ones known, or ever heard to be in existence; a circumstance most difficult of explanation. It is superfluous to add, that the plates are lost. The work appears to be by the hand of a foreigner—some mystery hangs about the name; but this cannot affect the singularity of the work, which is intrinsic. Its merits consist in the boldness of the attempt.

NEW MUSIC.

Sadly I left Her, written to the Melody of an admired *Ranz-des-vaches*, of the Canton of Appenzel, by William Hall. Birchall and Co. 2s. 6d. intended 3 and 4.

This *Ranz-des-vaches* is of a pleasing, romantic, and highly characteristic nature, and we think the arrangement and adaptation of the words well made. The air chosen is alternately in A minor, and A major (6-8 time); but the symphony is, unaccountably, in 3-4 time. The harmonies are judiciously applied, and evince a good musical knowledge, feeling, and taste.

No. 2. of *Select Subjects, from Haydn's Creation*, and *Seasons*, newly adapted as Divertimentos for the Piano-forte, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co. 4s.

We enjoyed the pleasure of examining and warmly recommending the 1st Number of this very desirable and attractive publication in the 8th Number of the 'Sphinx,' last August; and, certainly, from the union of the names, Haydn and Cramer, nothing less than a work of the highest merit could be expected. But, perhaps the most estimable quality (or at least the most useful), is, that although arranged in Cramer's best style, they are but of very moderate difficulty. In the present Number the selection (entirely from the 'Creation'), is as follows: The chorus, 'Awake the Harp, the Lyre awake,' forms a spirited introduction in D, to 'Heaven now in fullest splendour shines,' this, by excellent and ingenious modulation, passes into 'With verdure clad,' arranged in its original key, B-flat; and the finale (again in D) is formed of the beautiful duet, 'The dew spangled morn'; the whole is exceedingly clever, whether regarding expression, brilliancy, or harmony.

Oh, tho' my Harp neglected stands, in B-flat, sung by Miss Gradford, the Poetry by W. Moncrieff, composed and dedicated to Mrs. Moncrieff, by J. Blewitt. Dale, 1s. 6d.

A VERY pleasing trifle (in E flat, 6-8 time.) The words and music are well adapted to each other, and are both written in good taste; the general sentiment and character, reminds one of Bishop's Song in *Aladdin*, 'Are you angry Mother, but the resemblance is accidental.'

Scena Recitativa, 'Basta! Basta!' ed aria, 'Del fulmine avvedo.' The words from Metastasio's *Lu Morgue d'Abbe*. Sung by Mr. A. Sapio; composed, and respectfully dedicated (by permission) to the Right Honourable the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, by C. S. Packer, Member of that Institution. Chappell, 3s.

A VERY correct, clever, and well-imagined production, certainly exhibiting excellent promise about the incipient production of so young a writer. We cannot but fear that the vocal part, being necessarily written (to be sung by A. Sapio) in the bass clef, this scene will scarcely obtain circulation sufficient to render it popular, and to repay the expense of publication; but it deserves, therefore, the greater credit, from the independence with which it is offered to notice.

The recitative abounds with ingenious modulation, and must be very effective with orchestral accompaniments; the andante *Larghetto* (in a flat, 3-4 time) exhibits a pleasing aria to the words 'Del fulmine avvedo'; and the concluding *Presto Furioso*, is clever and characteristic.

Six Italian National Airs, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, Ever and Johanning, 3s.

THIS is a desirable selection of Italian Airs, prettily arranged, and well adapted for the guitarists.

The 1st is 'Amo te Solo,' by Bianchini (an andantino, in A, 2-4 time); the 2d, 'Aurette che Placide,' (G, common time); the 3d, 'Fra mille pene,' (in G 2-4 time); the 4th, 'La mia crudel tiranna' (in A, 6-8 time). This, it may be needless to say, is the favourite 'Arietta Nazionale Italiana,' upon which Shield (our deservedly veteran composer) founded the ballad of 'The Maid of Lodi.' The 5th is, 'Par che di giubilo l'alma deliri,' (in A, common time) composta di M. Giuliani; and the last is another favourite national air, 'Nice Dorme,' (in A, 2-4 time). We remember to have had the honour and pleasure of hearing his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex sing several such Ariettas, to Sola's guitar accompaniment.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments, for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 6.) Cocks and Co. 3s.

The selection in this number is well made, and is of the following variety, viz. No. 1. Six showy and pleasing Preludes, by the Editor. No. 2. 'Quando la marcial,' from Tancredi. No. 3. 'Ah come mai,' (in G, 3-4 time), from the same Opera. No. 4. 'The fall of Paris, as a short rondo in F, by Dressler. No. 5. Meyerbeer's 'Coro dei congiurati,' from Il Crociato, with one vivacious variation, by W. Forde. No. 6. The 'Chorus der Bajederen,' from Spohr's Jessonda, an andante (in B, flat 6-8 time). No. 7. 'Waffertanz,' from the same Opera, a vivace (in D common time). No. 8. The popular Swiss melody, sung by the Rayners, and known as 'The Swiss Boy,' adapted in a very pleasing and expressive manner, in the fine key of A flat, with a Waltz, arranged as a variation. No. 9. 'Speed the Plough.' No. 10. Two Waltzes, by Farrene. No. 11. Rossini's Duetto in Tancredi, 'Il viro lampo,' arranged for two Flutes, by W. Forde. No. 12. Another Swiss air, a moderato (in C, 2-4 time) with two variations, and No. 13. Kinloch of Kinloch, with embellishments.

POEM ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

In Morte di Giorgio Canning. Canti di J. Amadeo Ravina, L.L.D. Rolandi. London, 1828.

THIS work, dedicated by the author to his friend, Count Porro, is the only one that has hitherto appeared at all worthy of the distinguished character it professes to commemorate. Occasional verses, indeed, and eulogies, both in rhyme and prose, have adorned the pages of some of our daily prints, but of too trivial and evanescent a nature, to merit the title of Poems. Besides, they were merely composed in the common elegiac strain, and never rose into any thing like poetry, due to the dignity and importance of the subject. That of Signor Ravina aims at something of a far higher and more ennobling kind. Like the genius of the lamented statesman himself, it embraces views and principles beyond the narrow range of feeble minds, and traces, with a bold and correct hand, those results which had, and which would farther, have crowned the efforts of his new and liberal system of foreign policy.

These views the author has very ably and judiciously compressed into the most brief and luminous form, in a preliminary dissertation, illustrating at once the character of his work, and reflecting, in a strain of honest and indignant patriotism, upon the despotic system that still continues to oppress his country. In a few rapid and masterly passages it contains a thorough exposure of the gross impolicy and barbarity of a government founded upon terror, and supported by spies, with the additional ignominy and suffering of being imposed by foreign sway. The causes of this national humiliation, with its degrading consequences, and its utter incompatibility with the political institutions of the nineteenth century, and the spirit of the Italian people, are eloquently dwelt upon, and throw additional light upon the allusions and descriptions contained in the poem. The preface, moreover, includes an excellent sketch of the repeated struggles between tyrants and patriots, from the date of the French Revolution, up to the recent revolutions in Spain, Naples, and Piedmont. The style is energetic and eloquent, equally free from provincial idiom,

and imported gallicisms; and it is founded on the classic models of the age of Machiavelli, and a familiar acquaintance with those of Greece and Rome. The poem itself evidently bears a close resemblance to the style and character of Dante, but executed in a free and original spirit, as regards the imagery and sentiments, sufficient to prove its title to originality and excellence of its own.

We think the author has judged rightly in thus boldly attaching himself to the lofty and severe manner of the great Florentine, in preference to adopting the conventional tone and language of the prevailing schools of the day,—French, Roman, or Milanese. What is still better, he is gifted with a vigour of fancy, and vividness of imagery, well adapted to support the dignified yet impassioned language, and style of versification, he has here ventured upon. This last is the Italian *Terze Rime*, one of the most difficult, but sonorous and harmonious forms of composition of which the Italians can boast, when combined with true poetic fervour and elevation of thought and expression. In point of ease, variety, and elegance, we know of few modern writers who have produced any single specimen altogether more perfect, or more gratifying to the taste of the Italian scholar and poet than the volume before us. Without attempting any particular analysis, we shall proceed to give a few specimens, taken as they occur, without adhering strictly, in the version, to one form of versification. The first we have turned into English *terze rime*, certainly more difficult than the Italian; and the second we propose to render into *versi sciolti*. The poet is describing the great statesman's rare merits:

'Exalted mind, by lavish Nature graced
With every sovereign virtue rich and rare,
Whose eagle wing each rival's flight outtraced,
'Mid envious cries of lowlier birds of air,
Whose vision failed to trace thy far-bound course,
Whose clamour vain—thy scorn, but not thy care.
Mild to the good as sun in autumn day,
Or morn serene in dewy vale appears,
Fresh with the smiles of spring that may not stay,
Like some glad sire, who his lost son (for years)
Folds to his breast; his full heart to his eyes
Starts sudden, and finds way for joyous tears;
A mother's looks turned on the babe that lies
Delighted in her arms, whose trembling joy
In sweet caress is lavished, and soft sighs.
Not all so sweet, as glowed without alloy,
Thy friendship for high minds of kindred worth,
That cherished thoughts no time nor hate destroy.
But, like the bark that shuns the shallow earth,
And spreads its swift sail to the deep sea's breeze,
And traverseth the world in quiet mirth,—
Thy soul embraced all nations and degrees
Of social freedom through each far-most sphere,
With resolute grasp, that soaring spirits seize
Their glorious triumph, hated by the fear
And tyranny of despots, whose rank breath
Poisons the sources of life's blessings dear.
And as a man, that, snatched from sudden death,
Whose fevered veins no longer boil and chill,
Trembleth no more, nor heeds all his leech saith,—
Such joy the oppressors' quailing hearts doth fill
The hateful seed of Capet, far and wide,
From king to king, to where the red waves, still
Dyed with the Persians' blood,* to where the pride
Of him that rules the Hellespont supreme,†—
Who all rejoiced when Britain's genius died.'

There are many passages superior to these, and which contain many appropriate and beautiful allusions to contemporary characters and events; at the same time that they display the author's correct ideas, and appreciation of the peculiar characteristics, and most attractive or commanding features in the mind of the lamented subject of his poem. We may give the following lines as an instance:

'Thy country's name beneath thy guardian spirit
Safe refuge found; and every shaft defied,
From Fortune's quiver, aimed at her renown;
And so in peace maintained her sovereign sway.

* Alluding to Ibrahim Pasha.
† The Grand Signor.

The terror of her arms spread far and wide,
From utmost Thule to the Indian shore.
As when the sea upon its placid breast
Hushes the tempest's rage—such the dread calm
Of Britain's deep repose, beneath thy eye,
Thy piercing eye, that read the future page
Of time, and marked the shadows of events
Approaching far from out the mists of years.
Not like the narrow ken of vulgar minds:
Embracing that which was, and is—no more—
But of diviner source, that shares the secrets
Long bidden in the will of mightiest Jove,
Revealing the appointed fate of kings—
The rising and the setting of the nations.
He whose vast dwelling is infinity,
Clothed with eternal ages, at whose nod
Rose the wide firmament, engemmed with stars,
Traced, ere their primal flight, the destined course
Of wondrous planets, and their several spheres
Of light and beauty;—so beamed forth they came,
And caught the inspiration of the Muse,
Gathering the fruits of wise and happy efforts
Aimed at the downfall of that hydra spirit
That wastes and ravages so many a clime.'

The opening of the second canto contains some lines of brilliant power and beauty, though not equally well sustained, nor preserving the same dignified consistency and vigour, so characteristic of the author's great example—the immortal Alighieri. Embracing, as it does, such variety of topics, the subject necessarily becomes somewhat diffuse, and thus fails sufficiently to concentrate the interest upon any individual portion.

So far from being a monody, or a merely elegiac production, the poem might rather be termed a funeral oration and eulogy, pronounced over the fall of liberty and the hopes of his country, in the person of the most brilliant champion of the independence of nations.

It may fairly be considered in the light of a literary monument, raised to the memory of the liberal system, first attempted to be pursued by the enlightened and resolute mind of a great statesman, who stood most conspicuous among the ablest and the best. The manner in which the author has executed this most difficult task, proves, beyond dispute, that he possesses some of the great requisites of the true poet and the scholar; nor is he at a loss to express the milder and warmer feelings of the Muse, as we may gather from a very eloquent and touching sonnet, at the close of the work, addressed to Lady Canning. We offer the following very inadequate, though not unfaithful, version. It is impossible to peruse the original without lively interest, and a feeling of corresponding sorrow and regret.

A Consolazione di Lady Canning.

SONETTO.

'Lady, no longer weep; for him you mourn
Are wreaths of triumph, mid th' immortal choir,
Bound round his noble brow, where none aspire
To dim his fame with envy, pride, or scorn.
There, midst the calm of one bright vernal morn,
That golden age, young poets here admire,
He finds no dream; but all his high desire
Of glory full, all meek and humbly borne.
'There choicest spirits of heroic fame
Shed splendour round him like a crown of light,
Hailing him there as one of equal name,
And he embraces each with proud delight.
Oh! grateful sight, deserving loud acclaim
From the admiring throng of seraphs ever bright.

ENNUI.

I am never weary, and never inactive. I know not *tedium*; and would be glad, out of curiosity, to experience what they term *ennui*," said an indefatigable barrister, lately, to a Parliamentary colleague. 'Read the last "Quarterly,"' then, replied his friend; 'and I will engage you will have sufficient in an hour to last you for a fortnight.'

INVENTION.

An Hungarian, of the name of Mahersy, has discovered the means of walking in rivers, however rapid be their currents. He uses a pair of long boots, made of very thin iron plate, surrounded, at the upper extremity, with a quantity of cork. He made a public trial, on the 20th of March, at Pest, in the waters of the Danube, and the experiment was most successful!

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS
OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COUNT DEMIDOFF.

This nobleman died lately at Florence, having left to his two sons an income of 240,000*l.* a year, besides one million sterling in movable property. A troop of comedians, which he had engaged from Paris, is amply provided for by the Count's testament; the legacies comprised ten, which are extremely numerous; and, so great was his magnificence, that the great grandson of a friend of his childhood, whom he has not seen or corresponded with for fifty years, has been bequeathed three hundred thousand francs, merely to evince that the testator had not forgotten his earlier attachments.

BOHEMIA.

Monatschrift der Gesellschaft der Vaterländischen Museum in Bochemen, or 'A Journal of the Society of the National Museum of Bohemia,' was published at Prague, at the close of 1827, in one volume, being the first Number of an Annual Miscellany, intended to be regularly published by an association of Bohemian Literati. It contains an inquiry into the history of the country, observations on its natural history, with specimens of national poetry, and is equally curious and instructive. One of the articles of the present Number consists of 'An abridgment of the Chronicles of a Native present at the Siege of Prague by the Swedes, in 1648,' which will be read with pleasure, although it is exceeded in interest by a 'A Journal of the Envoys of George King of Bohemia to the Court of Louis XI. of France.' It appears that George had formed the idea, worthy of a later age and more enlightened minds, of establishing a tribunal of European Sovereigns, in which all acts of aggression by one on the dominions of another might be judged, and who were all to combine to resist any undue pretension on the part of the people of their respective states, with a secret clause for impeding the too liberal advance of Papal power. The story is told with great truth and simplicity, and the character of the Eleventh Louis admirably demonstrated; but whether it was that the piety of the French Monarch was somewhat startled at a proposition likely to offend the Court of Rome, or that, even in that age, tyrant though he was, he dared not venture on a holy alliance, the Envoys of the very legitimate King of Bohemia, after having been banded about half France, in following the movements of the active Louis, and having experienced no very polite treatment, were sent home with as few indications of courtesy towards themselves as of respect to their master.

BELGIUM.

A dog, which had lived fourteen years with a family that was much attached to it, having died, the children placed the body of their defunct favourite in a box, and buried him in a garden. The two *Curés* of the place complained to the Police, and the proceeding was remitted to the *President of the Circle*, who issued his orders that a governess in the family, who had placed the canine body in a box, should suffer three days' imprisonment and 'reclusion correctionnelle'; and that the servant who had interred the animal should undergo eight days' confinement, and be supplied only with bread and water.

OMNIBUS

Is the name of a Parisian city stage, where you may go what distance you please at a very moderate sum. A coachman of a more legitimate *Fiacre*, angry at the success of the new carriages, resolved to follow the same system, too proud of ancient names to adopt the Catholic appellation of *omnibus*, has adorned his coach with the inscription of 'Un *fiacribus* à quatre sous.'

On the nefarious charge of 'having taught the Latin language,' he was denounced before the Tribunal of Ajaccio, by the *Procureur du Roi*; but the complaint was, even at their proper peril, dismissed by the Judges, and the accused liberated without punishment or censure.

An appeal was instantly lodged by the prosecutor, before the Royal Court of Bastia, from the judgment of the inferior tribunal; and a long and wearisome journey was the poor *domine* obliged to take, and to exhaust his humble funds in his support, to prevent a sentence being given against him for want of appearance. 'Ubinam sumus?' exclaimed the unfortunate G—, in commencing his defence, 'in other ages I should have had a *crown of laurel* for extending a taste for letters, and aiding the progress of refinement; now the only *crown* I had has been expended to place me one on the bench of the Correctional Police as a criminal

and offender. O tempora! O mores! On discovering the manuscript of a latin author, Petrarch was transported with enthusiasm; while it will be well for me if I be not transported too. The Minstrel of Vaulchuse received the felicitations of the *Sovereigns* of his day; I have not a *crown* to bless me; and the only compliments I am likely to receive are those of the Gaoler, who will be directed to receive me. *Bonus operibus meis lapidatus sum.*' Notwithstanding the dismal anticipations of the humble but erudite Corsican, the Judges had the manliness to reject the appeal of the *Procureur du Roi*: and the teacher wended him on his way, pretty certain that, as a comment on his boldness in asserting himself to be free from guilt, he will be deprived of his already most scanty means of subsistence.

FEMALE DOCTOR.

A short time since a diminutive, aged, and decrepit woman, whose life had been passed in the service of the camp, appeared before the Tribunals of Paris, charged with illegally practising medicine, and as suspected of causing the death of a M. Danguy, and another person, by her unscientific prescriptions. On being called upon for her defence, she observed, 'Gentlemen, the medicine I gave Danguy was susceptible of saving him; it has been sent to the *annals* of the Garden of Plants; but the fact is, Danguy got drunk,—that was his affair: had he kept sober, I would have cured him,—that was mine; but he choose to die,—that was his.' 'But,' observed the President, 'there is another case against you.' Prisoner,—'Bah! bah! Pilet's, you mean? he died by mistake; it is not worth talking about.' President,—'But you have no diploma.' Prisoner,—'Diploma is it! I despise them; I could not read them if I had them: but I have studied *humanities*. Minerals I know as little as I care about; but as to vegetables, I guess. Give me a paralytic here, and I'll cure him at once.' At this declaration, many voices from the crowd that had assembled were raised, in attestation of the truth of her statement; and, 'True! True!' 'She has cured me.' 'She has cured me.' 'She has saved my mother,' &c. was heard on every side. Prisoner,—'There, what do you say to that? Gout! Cancer! A broken limb,—it is all one to me. I wish, Gentlemen, you had them all, if it was only for the pleasure of setting you to rights.' New ejaculations were heard in her favour from the audience, and expressions confirmatory of her statements. 'There!' said the veteran lady, gesticulating with energy, 'There's for you! I have been twelve years in the army, and I will fight all the doctors of Paris with the sword or with drugs, whichever they choose.' Notwithstanding all this, the unfortunate pseudo *medecin* was condemned to six months' imprisonment. She heard her sentence with courage and calmness, and, as it ended, lifting her hand, like an old grenadier, to her bonnet, observed, 'Messieurs, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur,' and then left the Court between two *gens d'armes*, marching in regular time, and apparently not at all discomfited at her defeat.

HOFFMAN,

Who died lately in France, was as singular as a talented man. During the most painful periods of the French Revolution, his satire was directed against the leaders of the party of the day, and his ironical praise of their atrocities was given to the world in his Journal 'Le Menteur.'

He had severely criticized the 'Richard Cœur de Lion' of Sedaine, of the French Academy. A friend of the author met him at the *Café de la Foie*, and remonstrated with him on his injustice. 'Let us send to two different confectioners,' said Hoffman, 'for baskets of *bon-bons*, and, if the majority of verses on such of their devices as we shall take by chance be not better than those of Sedaine, I shall pay the price of them, and beg his pardon; if they are superior in merit to the verse of 'Richard,' you shall pay, and beg mine.' It was done. The company in the coffee-room became umpires, and decided unanimously in favour of the poetry of the devices.

The directors of a Newspaper, for which he sometimes wrote, having sent a most virulent article against himself, in the number of those upon the insertion whereof he sometimes condescended to decide, Hoffman returned it, with the following marginal note: 'J'ai lu le présent article, et je n'y ai rien trouvé qui m'a paru devoir en empêcher l'impression.'—Hoffman.

THE COMET OF 1832.

THERE is nothing like what is now termed *Sensation*. The French delight in any occurrence which may gently affect the feelings of joy or sorrow—a public funeral,

a marriage, a *Giraffe*, or Lord Cochrane. John Bull has harder nerves, and is less sensible to milder impressions; he requires a stronger dose—the fall of the Brunswick Theatre; Williamson, Thistlewood, Bellingham, and Thurtell, can alone make him feel properly; while the Germans are ever striving after the sublime, and nothing will content them but the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' A blundering teutonic astronomer discovered, recently, that the Comet which will be seen in 1832, would come in contact with the earth; but, like a true German comforter, he would persuade us that the injury it would cause our globe would not be general. Part of Russia, Poland, Prussia, Germany, and Constantinople might go perhaps; or we might lose our East India possessions, and have to give up the use of the tea from China; the labours of Bolivar and General Jackson might be rendered unnecessary;—however, at all events, the world would gain a very considerable addition of territory. This idea might be congenial to the gloomy fancy of a German, but its expression spread terror and dismay in neighbouring countries; and, within my own observation, its effects were neither trivial or pleasing on the minds of many. The Comet of 1832 will certainly approach within 14,000 leagues of the earth's orbit: and as Salade had calculated that a comet, at that distance from the globe, might produce sensible disorder on earth's concerns, the German threw down his pen, satisfied with being enabled to horrify the nations; and fearful, by entering on further detail, he might but spoil a good story. Were the globe to be at the point of its orbit at which the comet will be at the period of its greatest approximation, it would be dangerous; but when its vicinity to the earth will be closest, instead of 14,000 leagues, its least distance will be sixteen millions of leagues,—a slight difference, calculated to calm the fears of the timid and nervous, and to disappoint the expectations of the sublime German.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

'Quand l'amour n'est pas le plus grand des biens, il est le plus grand des Maux,' says a French philosopher; while 'the Ettrick Shepherd' more quaintly describes it—

'as a dizziness,

That wins a let a simple body gang about his business.'

Poor Monsieur Picard, (not the dramatic writer, but) a bachelor living in the wine-boasting city of Mâcon, in the delightful province of Burgundy, had passed sixty years of his life in peace and tranquillity, without having been diverted from the even tenor of his way, by the allurements of the *ophthalmic mannekin*. His repose had been as perfect as that of a commissioner of customs on active service—of a chief justice in Eyre—or one of the Admiralty council; until he met with a lady, who had left a demi-century of years behind her; and to whom, with as much rapidity as the passing of an *Inclosure Bill*, and as much warmth as Lord Eldon displayed in defence of the Test and Corporation Acts, he offered his hand in test of love, and the endowment of his corporation. His advances were met with scarcely more shyness than would be evinced by the Peel or Bessford family to a place or living; but modesty demanded that, like the Ambassadors at the Porte, time should be accorded ere the *ultimatum* was pronounced; and she required a month to determine whether she should cross the *Pruth* of matrimony. From that instant the quiescent habits of Monsieur Picard were as effectually altered, as the political opinions of Lord E— himself. His mornings were dark and gloomy as a city fog; his nights restless and uneasy, as Mr. Sugden when he ended his maiden speech. He loved as Catalani loves gold; Lord M— E—, her notes; the Emperor Nicholas, Constantinople; or Madame de Genlis, *cant*; and, as the epoch approached which was to determine his fate, he anticipated the refusal he feared, (but unjustly); and, not waiting for the *noose* of matrimony, actually hanged himself with a *love-knot*, to the equal vexation of the lady, the *curé*, and the bell-ringers of Mâcon. The *procès verbal* of the cause of the decease of the despairing swain, returned it as arising from *Love and Madness*.

FRENCH POST OFFICE.

I am sorry to say that the iniquitous system of opening and destroying letters, in the Bureau de la Poste of Paris, is represented as existing to as great (if not a greater) extent than ever. A meeting of merchants residing in the French metropolis took place recently at the office of M. German, an advocate, to ascertain what means were left them to procure compensation for *valuables* they have lost, to a large amount, through the Post-office. The violation of private correspondence is mean, vile, and immoral enough; but the subtraction of property is an act of infamy, that merits to be holden forth to the scorn and indignation of the world.

DEATH OF MR. DUGALD STEWART.

The mortal career of this distinguished philosopher terminated at Edinburgh on the morning of Wednesday last, the 11th of June, instant. The private worth of the deceased, the qualities of heart and head which made him so beloved in the family circle, so interesting to his friends, so much respected by his acquaintances, are known to, or have been heard of by all. His public value will be judged of ultimately by his writings, although it was by no means confined to these: the impression made by his academical prelections having been as extraordinary in depth as it was important in character. By the extensive range of his information, by his love of knowledge, by his high aspirations after good, by an eloquence, unrivalled in philosophic dignity, he gave a bias to the feelings, and a direction to the studies, of many young men of rank and talent, which redounded not less to their own honour, than they proved, in result, beneficial to the country.—*Scotsman*.

The Dog-rib Indians, who are derived from the same stock with the Chipewyans, say that, according to the traditions of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it at all; the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver-tooth into his head.—*Captain Franklin's Journey*.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

- The Living and the Dead*, by a Country Curate, second edition, 1 vol., post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure, by John Stevenson, Esq., 1 vol., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Dr. Harwood on the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, 1 vol., post 8vo., 9s. 6d.
Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Woodbridge's Modern Atlas, royal 4to., 8s.
Burton's Antiquities of Rome, second edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo., with additions, 15s.
Ulrica of Saxony, a Romantic Tale, 3 vols., 12mo., 16s. 6d.
Light's Views of Pompeii, folio, 3l. 10s.
Knight's Modern and Antique Gems, eighty-six plates, 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Italian, a Romance, by Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, 4 vols., 12mo., 20s.
Taylor on the Money System, 8vo., 6s.
Faber's Sacred Calendar of Prophecy, 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 16s.
Myer's Vindication of the Athanasian Creed, royal 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Hall's Inquiry into the Canons, &c., of the Church of England, 8vo., 7s.
Part I. (to be completed in twenty parts) of a Series of Illustrations of the Poems of Burns, from Designs by W. Kidd, Esq., 5s.
Mornings in the Library, by Knight, with Introduction, &c., by Bernard Barton, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Florian's Questions on the History of England, by J. Gorton, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
The Snuggler's Son, by the author of 'Don Ullon', 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Lessons of Wisdom, by the Rev. Wm. Edwards, Cambridge, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Easy Rhymes, by the author of 'Cato', 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Tarver's Complete System of French Pronunciation, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Hodson's Sacred History, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Second Statement of the London University, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
Ryland on Diseases of the Chest, and on the Use of the Steroscope, third edition, 18mo., 3s.
Gregory's Practice of Physic, third edition, 8vo., 16s.
Lempriere's Scripture Lessons, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Tales of the Academy, 2 vols., 18mo., 5s.
Whim Whams, by Four of Us, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Coventry's Concise Forms, third edition, with large additions, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
King Charles the First, the author of 'Isola Basiliensis' further proved, by Wordsworth, 8vo., 8s.
Sotbey's Italy and other Poems, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
The sixth vol. of Mrs. Sherwood's 'Lady of the Manor', 7s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to inform E. B., that the former Subscribers to 'THE VERULAM,' who have taken 'THE ATHENÆUM' in its stead, may be supplied with copies of the back Numbers of either Paper, at the usual rate; but that the reprint of any particular articles in a separate Number would be impracticable under our existing arrangements, even supposing the demand for such Number to be sufficient to cover the expense.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Armstrong, the compiler of the 'London Gaelic Dictionary,' is preparing for the press a Gaelic Translation of the Apocryphal Scriptures; to be published in numbers, at a rate so low, that the poorest Highlander can purchase it.
 A work may shortly be expected under the title of 'Journal of a Voyage to Peru, Journey across the Pampas, and a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes.' By Lieut. Brand, R.N., who performed the journey on foot, in the snow, during the severe winter of 1857.
 Carpenter's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, with maps and plates. Part I., to be continued monthly.

THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, in Pall-Mall East, WILL CLOSE, for the present Season, on SATURDAY NEXT, the 21st instant.

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The Council have published a 'Second Statement' giving an account of the Days and Hours when the several Professors are to lecture, of the Fees to be paid by the Students, together with a brief outline, drawn up by each Professor, of the manner in which he proposes to treat the subject which he has been appointed to teach. This Statement is to be had, price One Shilling and Sixpence, of Mr. Taylor, the Bookseller and Publisher to the University, No. 30, Upper Gower-street; of Messrs. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row; of Mr. Murray, Albemarle-street; and at the University Chambers, No. 29, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

A Register is now open to receive the Names of Students, and attendance for that purpose will be given at the Chambers, as above, every day except Sunday, from Nine in the morning to Five in the afternoon. Persons desirous of having a previous communication with the Warden will please to call at the Chambers on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays, between Two and Five o'clock.

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By Order of the Council,
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University Chambers, 13th June, 1858.
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